

No. 26

64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

APRIL, 1939

Detective COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢



FRED GUARDNEER

LET'S MAKE WHOOPEE

WHOOPEE CAPS

Hi, boys! Hi, girls! These Whoopee Sailor Caps are fun to wear and famous to read. Stunpy title: Anything on Tentail, I'm interested. I'm in business. Get Acquainted. Out for a Good Time, etc. Well made with colored letters.

Whoopee Caps... **12c**

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SLAM BRADLEY

by

JERRY
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

WHANGO!... NO, DEAR READER, THAT WAS NOT A CANNON EXPLODING--- IT WAS MERELY THE SOUND OF SLAM BRADLEY'S FIST CONNECTING WITH THE APEX OF AN OPPONENT'S JAW. IT SEEMS SOMEONE DIDN'T LIKE SHORTY'S FACE, COMMENTED UPON IT AND AROUSED SLAM'S IRE. OUR HOT-TEMPERED DETECTIVE FRIEND LET FLY A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK --- AND THUS: THE **WHANGO!**

ANYONE WHO PICKS ON SHORTY, ANSWERS TO ME!

YOU TELL 'EM, SLAM!



WHAT A PHYSIQUE!
WHAT SYMMETRY!
A VERITABLE
ADONIS!

SHALL I
HIT HIM?

NO. MAYBE
HE'LL GO
AWAY.



MY CARD,
GENTLEMEN.

PIERRE
D'ORSAY
---ARTIST!

I THOUGHT HE
WAS JUST A
LUNATIC, BUT
THIS IS WORSE!



WELL,
WOTTAYA
WANT?

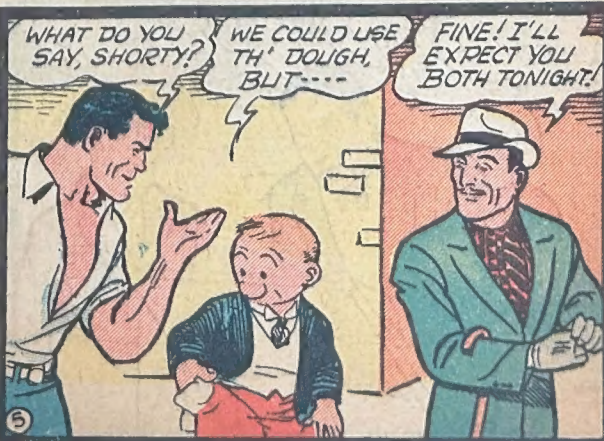
IF YOU WILL CONSENT
TO POSE AT MY STUDIO
TONIGHT, I WILL
PAY YOU WELL.

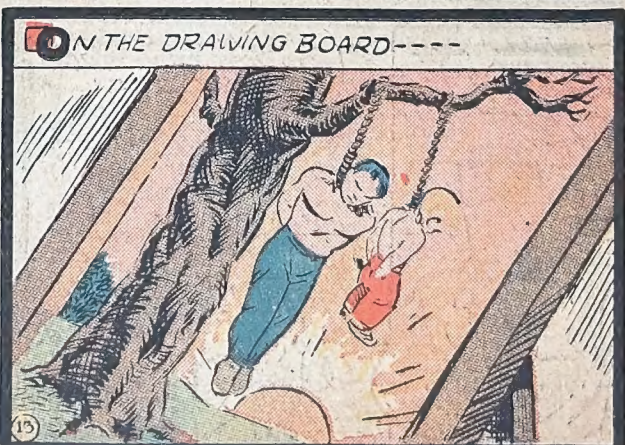
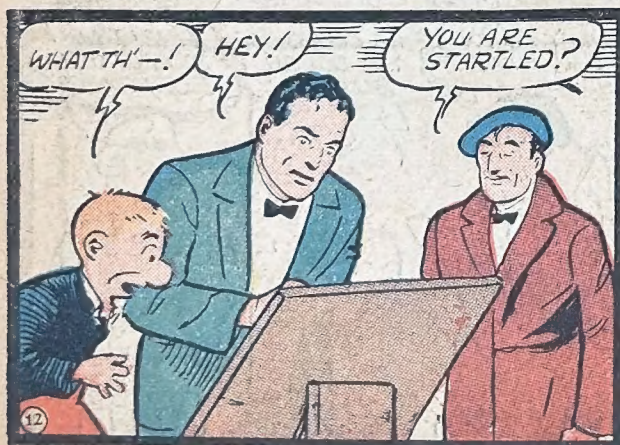
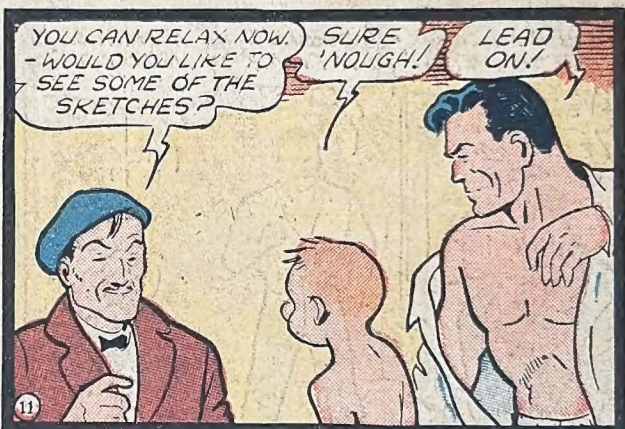
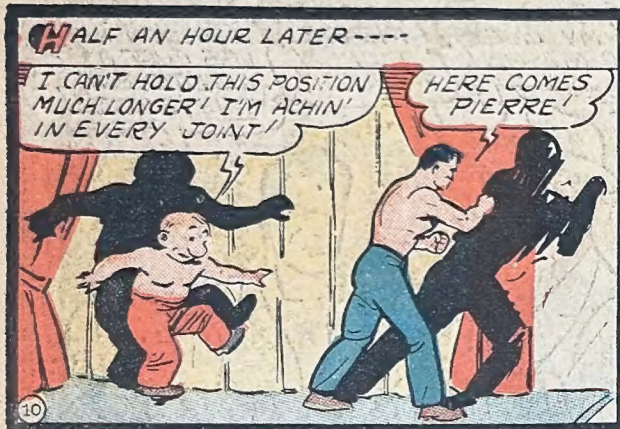
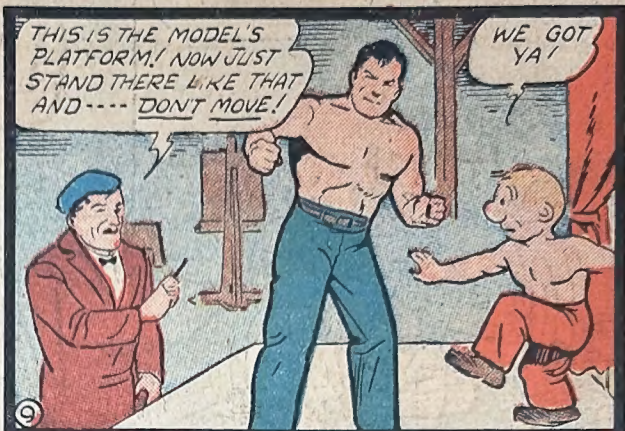
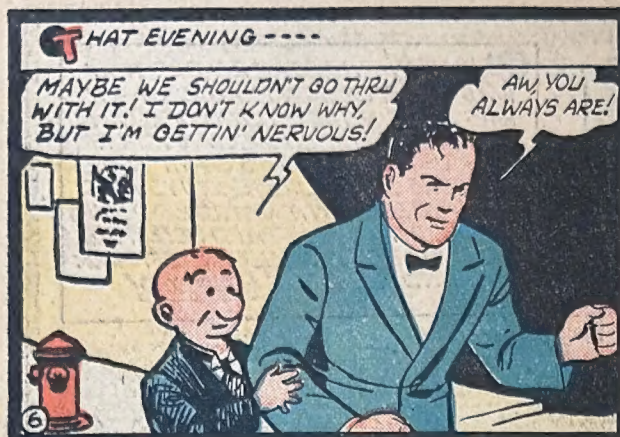


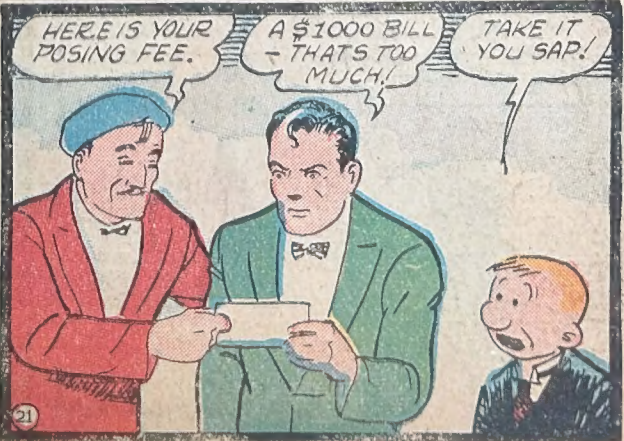
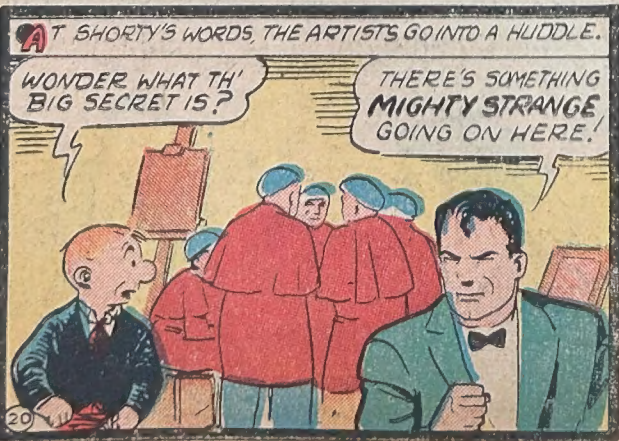
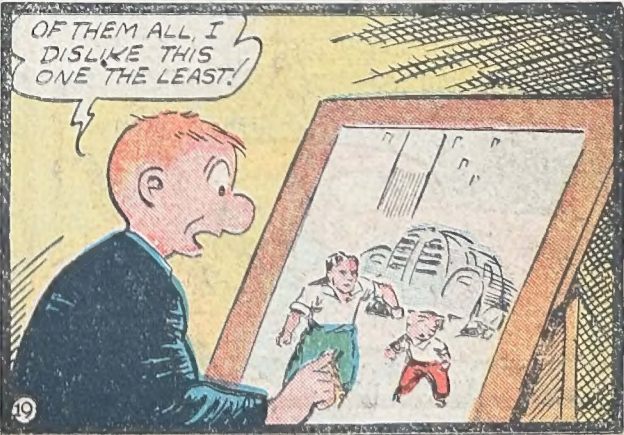
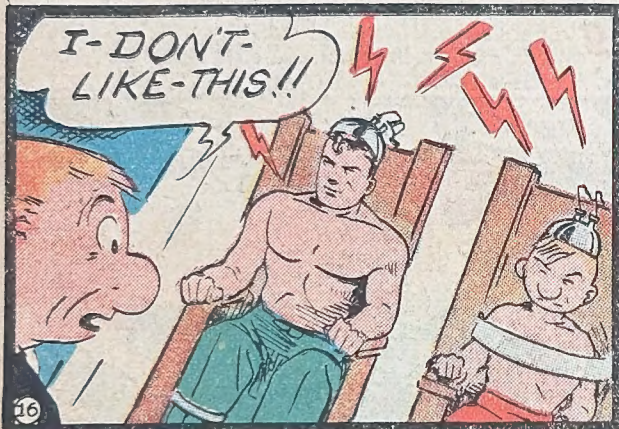
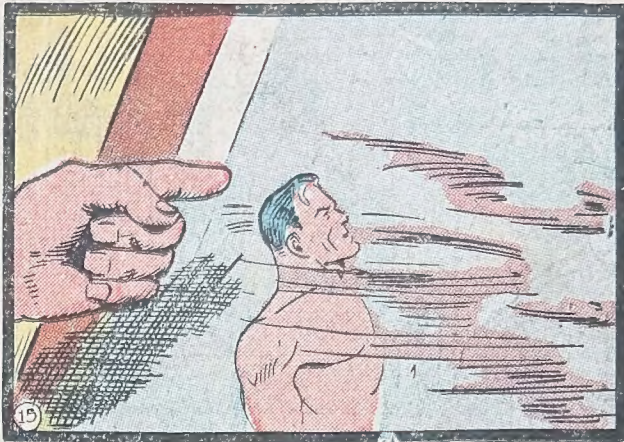
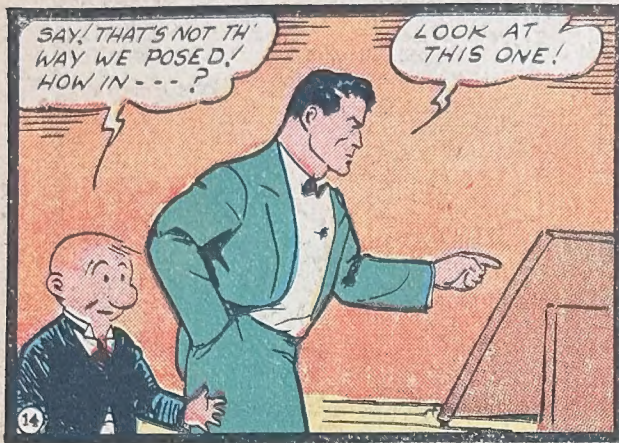
WHAT DO YOU
SAY, SHORTY?

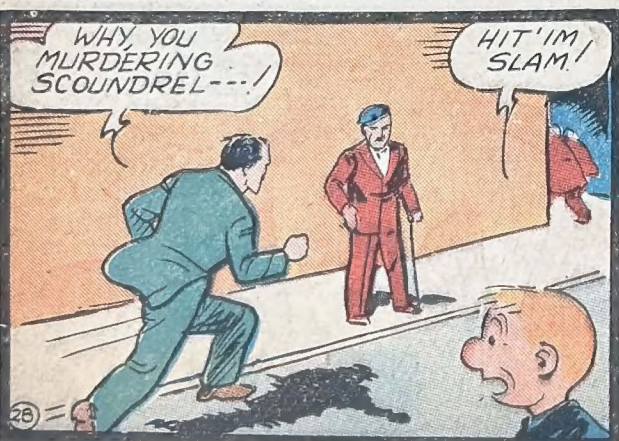
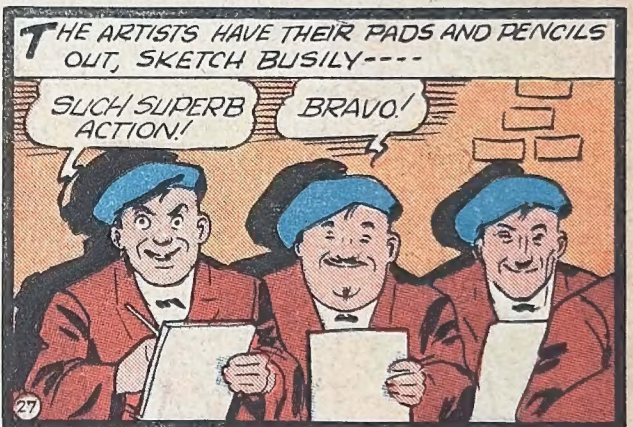
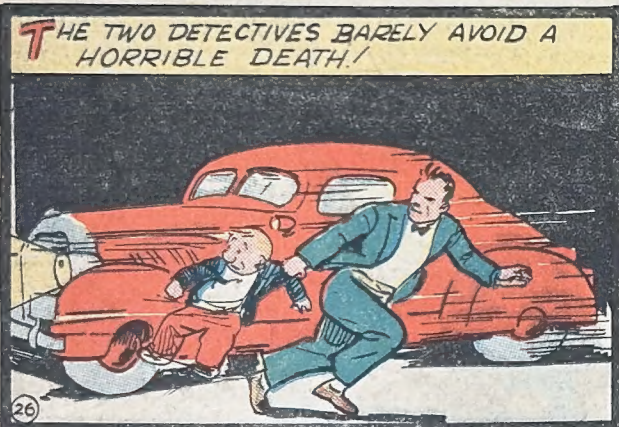
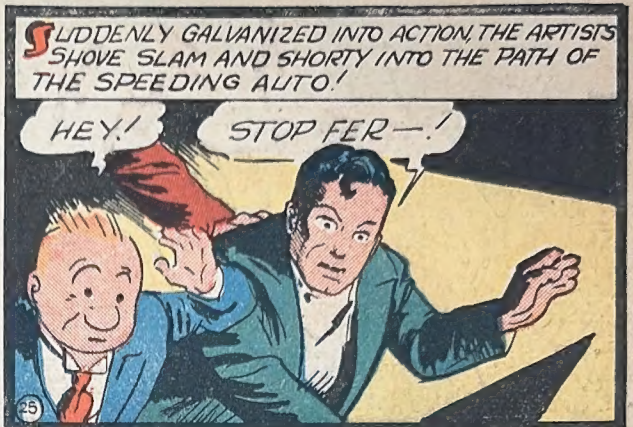
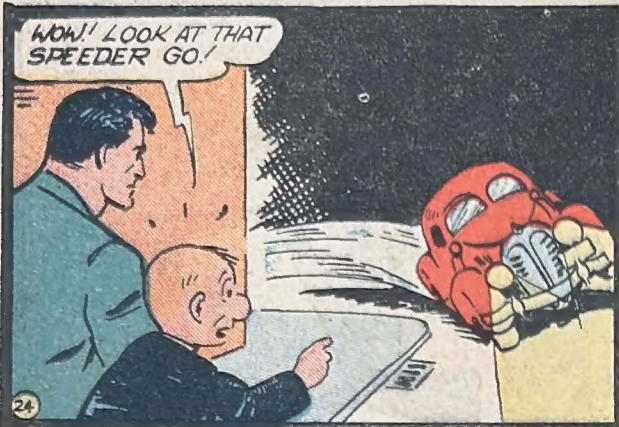
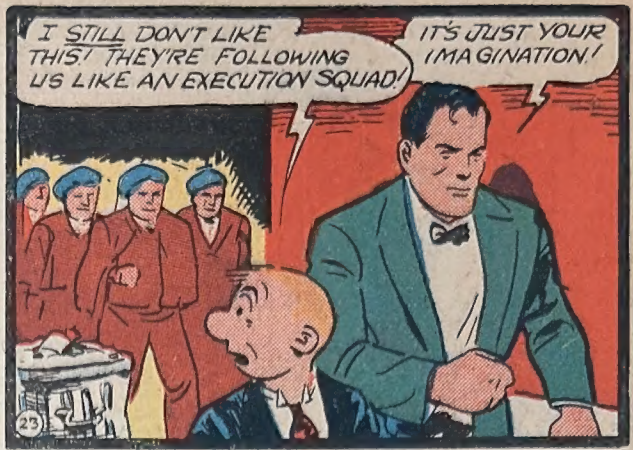
WE COULD USE
TH' DOUGH,
BUT---

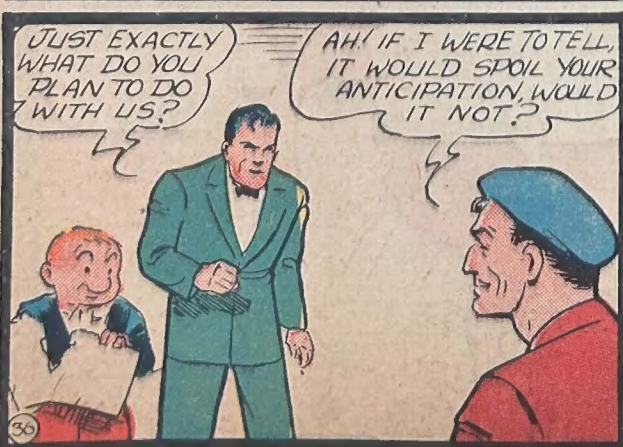
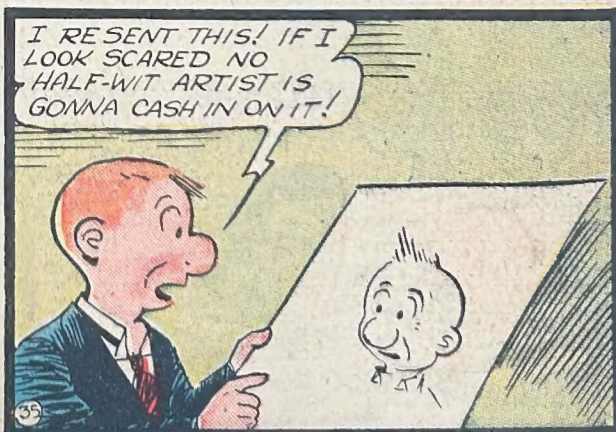
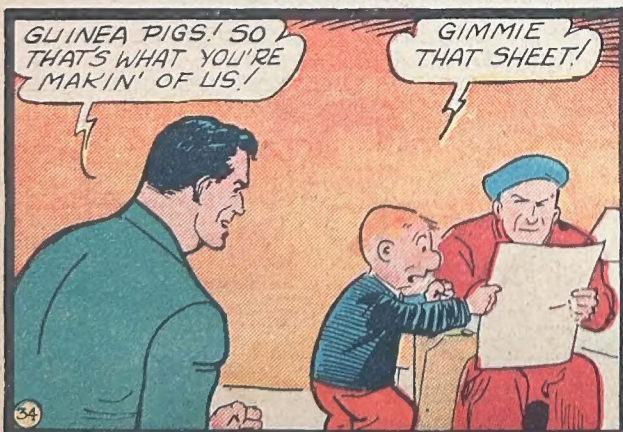
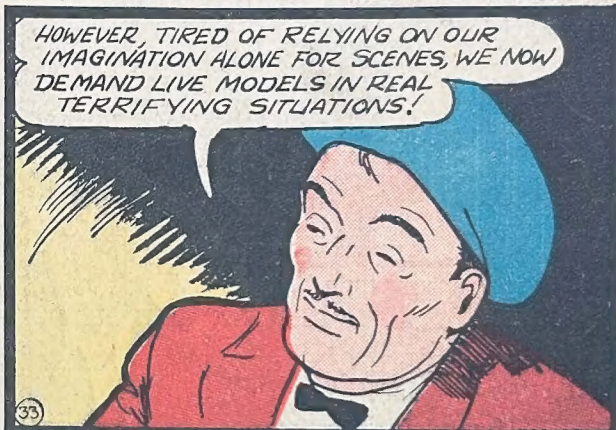
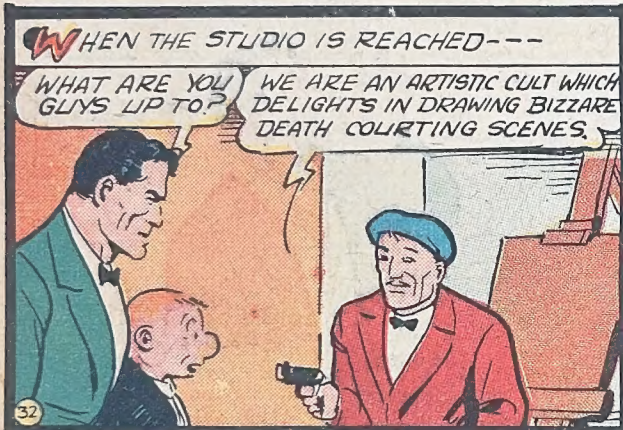
FINE! I'LL
EXPECT YOU
BOTH TONIGHT!

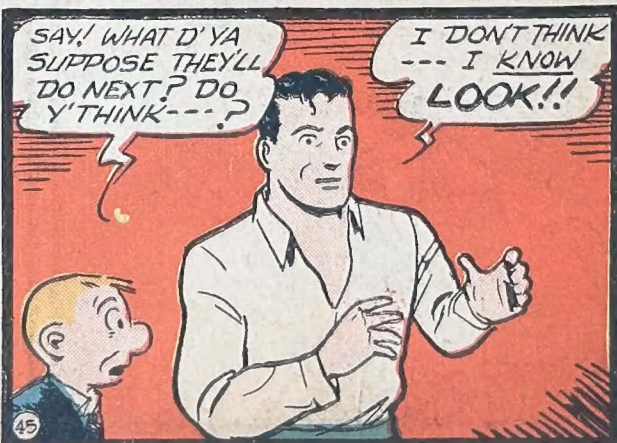
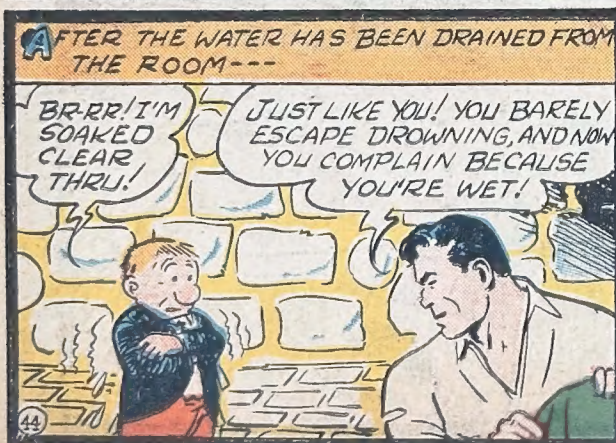
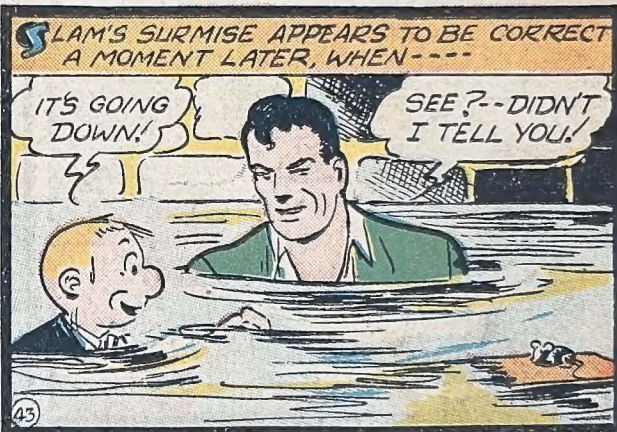
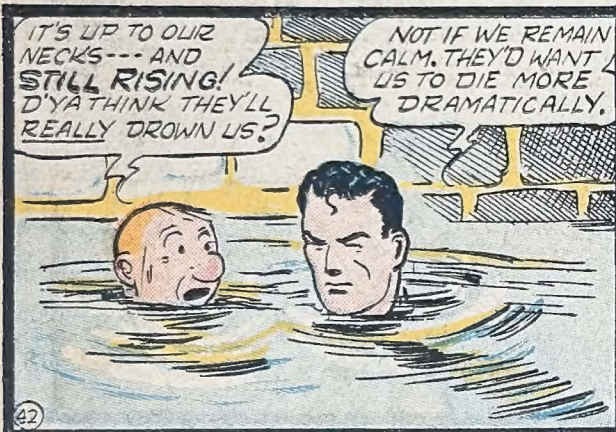
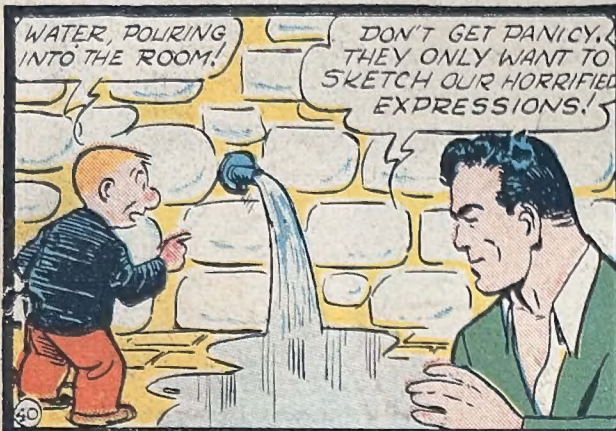
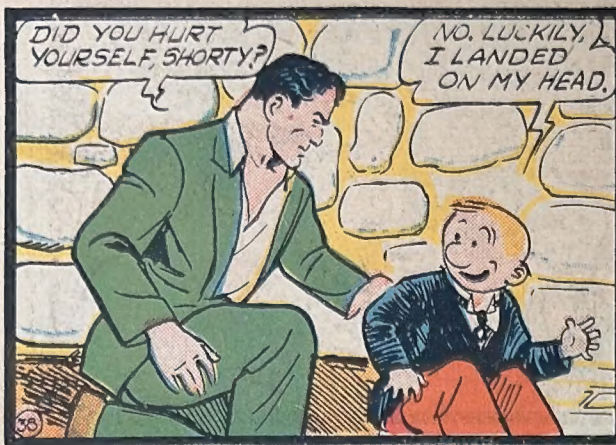




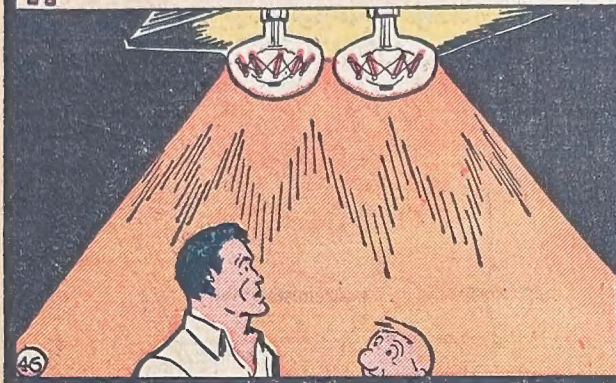






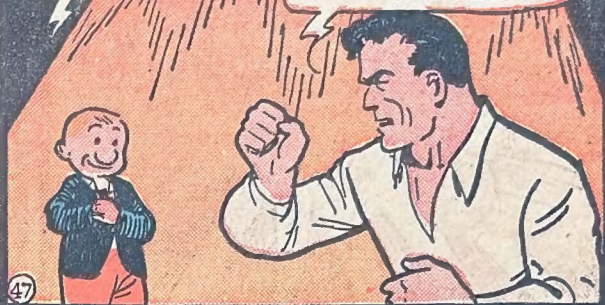


ABOVE THEM, TWO BULBS FLASH ON---HEAT LAMPS!



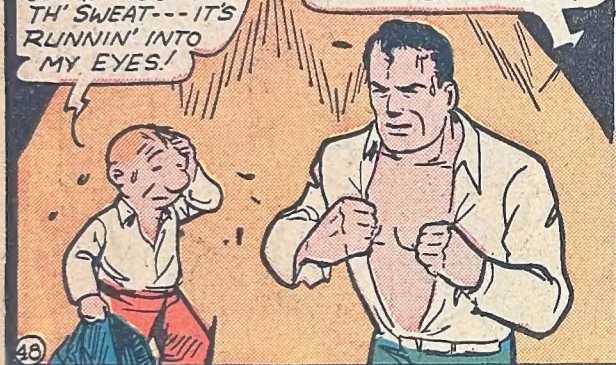
BOY, THAT WARMTH FEELS SWELL! I'M DRY ALREADY!

SAP! DON'T YOU REALIZE IT'S GETTING STILL HOTTER? THEY AIM TO ROAST US ALIVE!

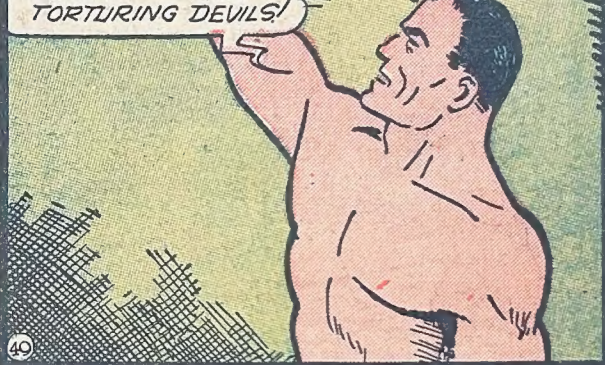


G-GOSH, IT IS GETTIN' TOO HOT! TH' SWEAT---IT'S RUNNIN' INTO MY EYES!

THE HEAT-IT'S-GETTING---UNBEARABLE!



CURSE YOUR BLACK SOULS!---- YOU TORTURING DEVILS!



THE ARTISTS SKETCH GLEEFULLY---EVIDENTLY SLAM AND SHORTY'S DISCOMFURE IS HIGHLY PLEASING TO THEM!

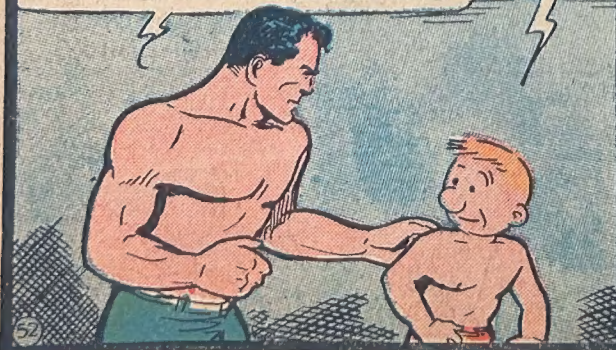


JUST A FEW INCHES TOO HIGH!

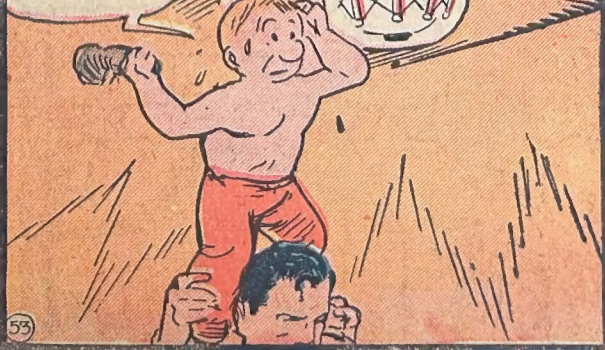


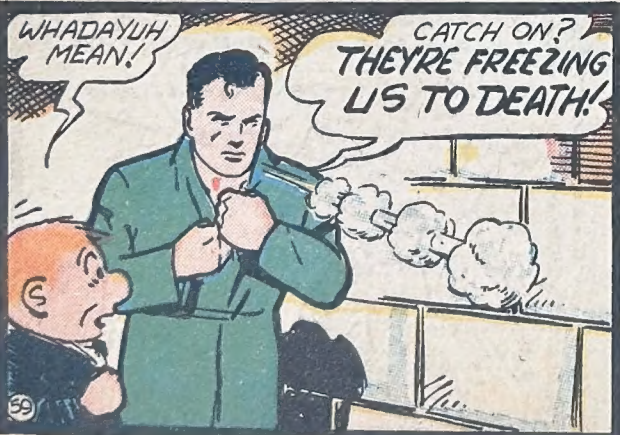
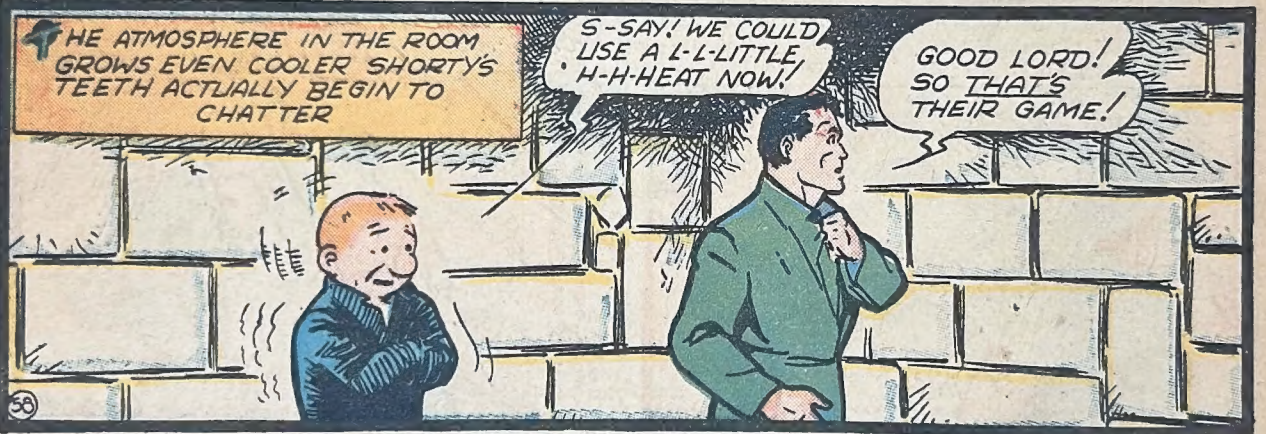
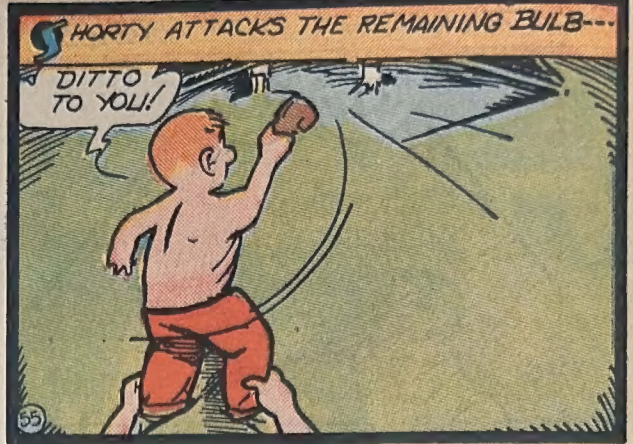
LET'S GIVE 'EM A REAL SCENE TO DRAW! TAKE OFF A SHOE---AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD---

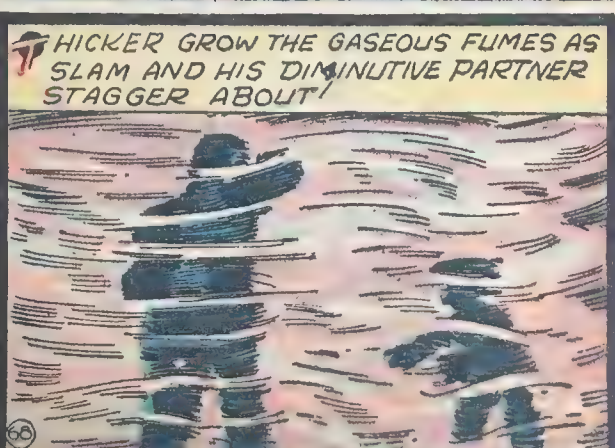
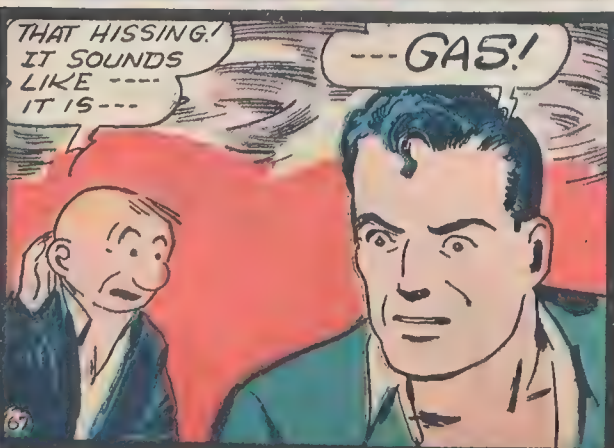
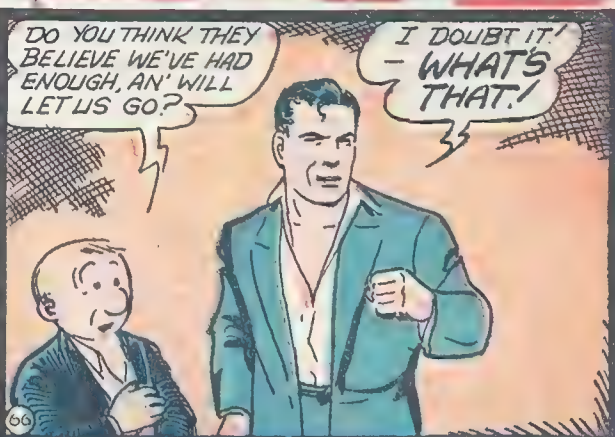
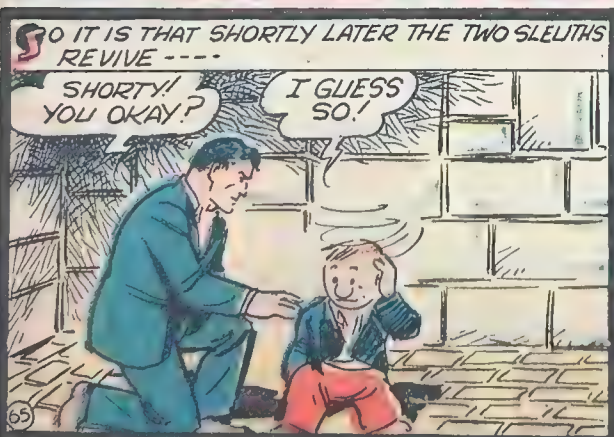
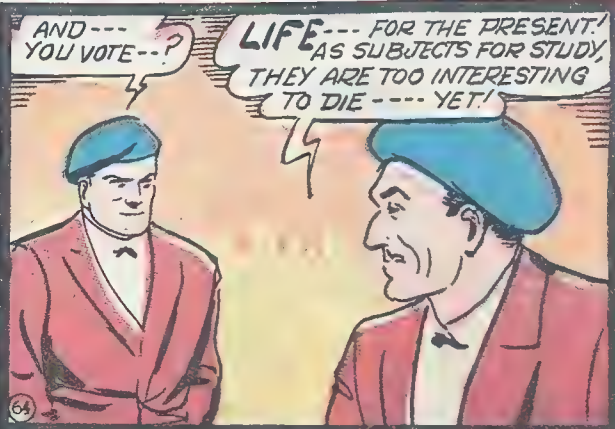
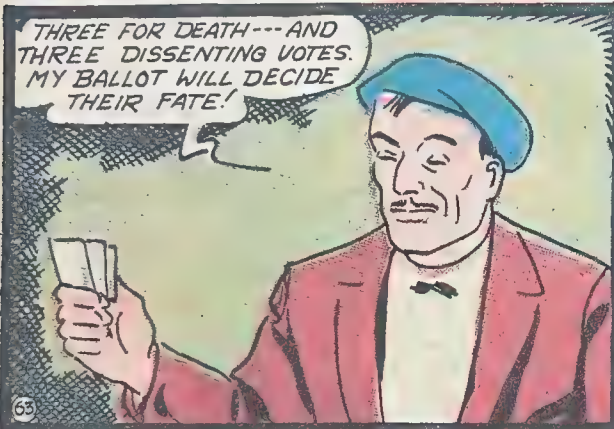
I GOT IT!

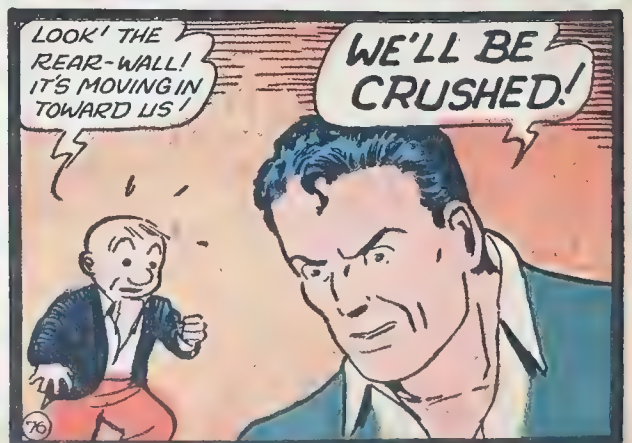
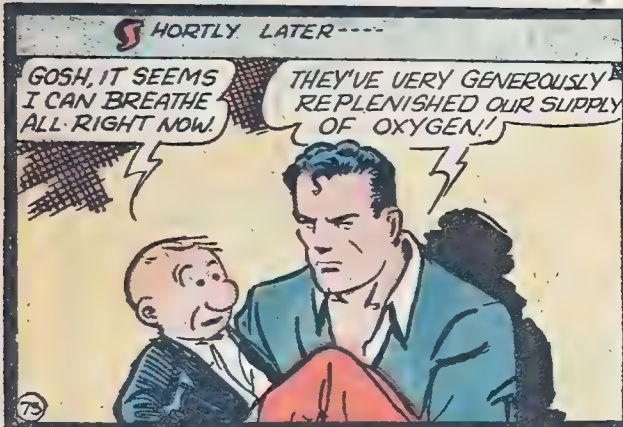
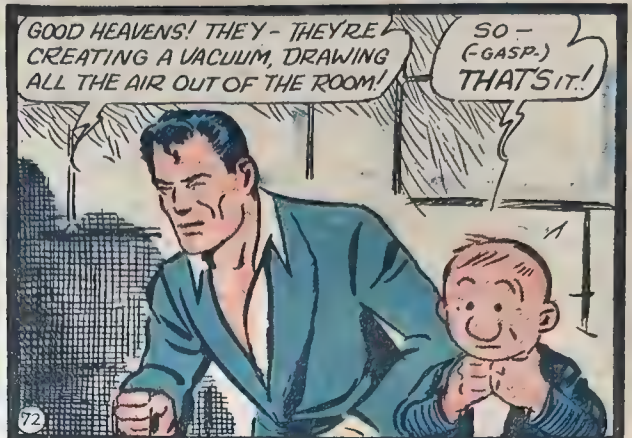
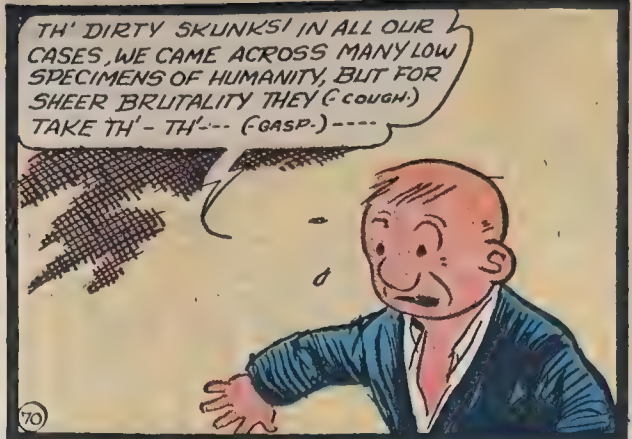
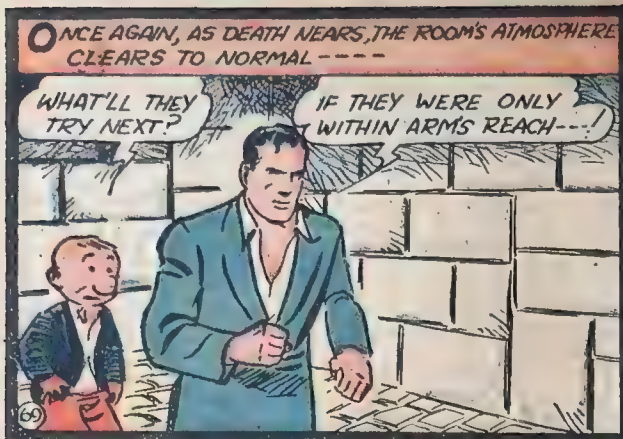


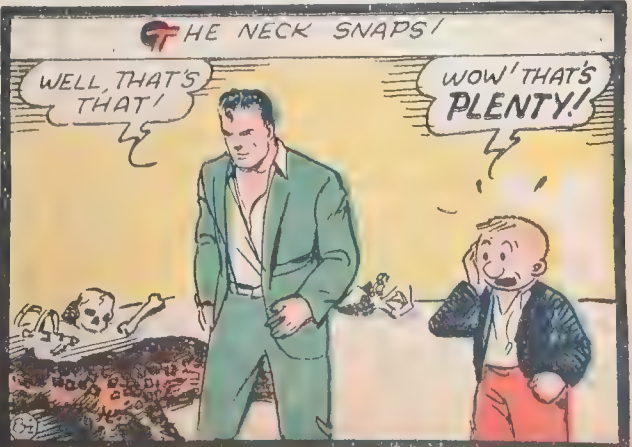
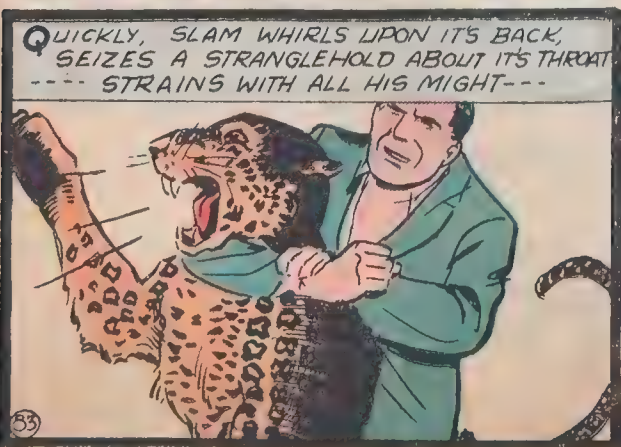
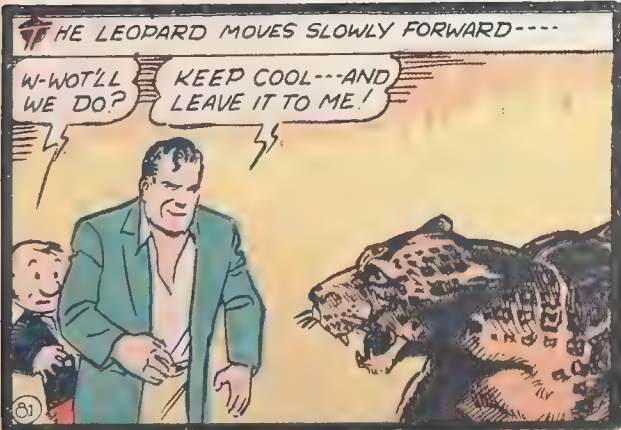
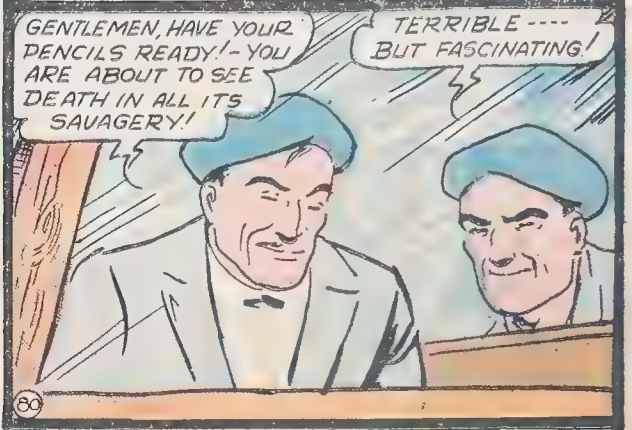
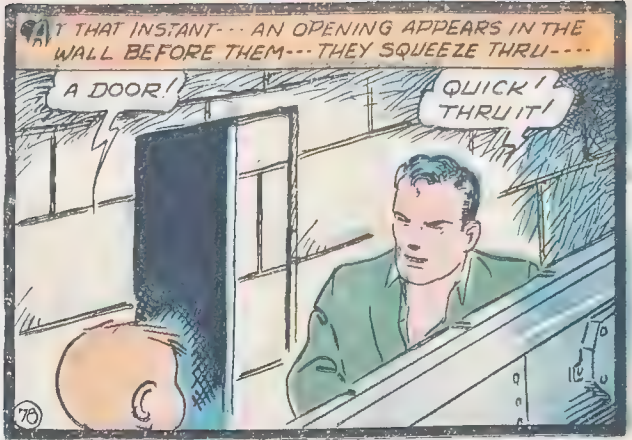
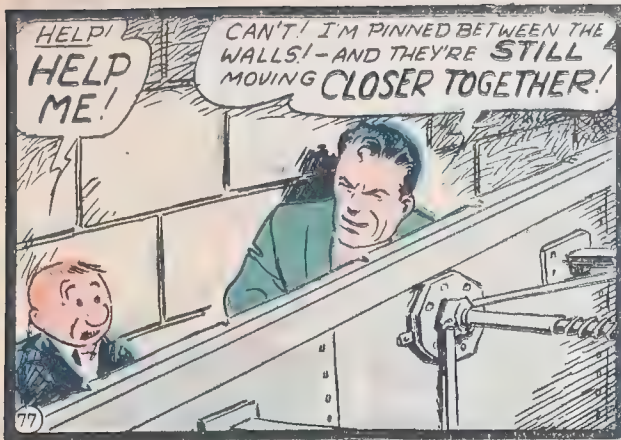
I'M ROASTIN'!

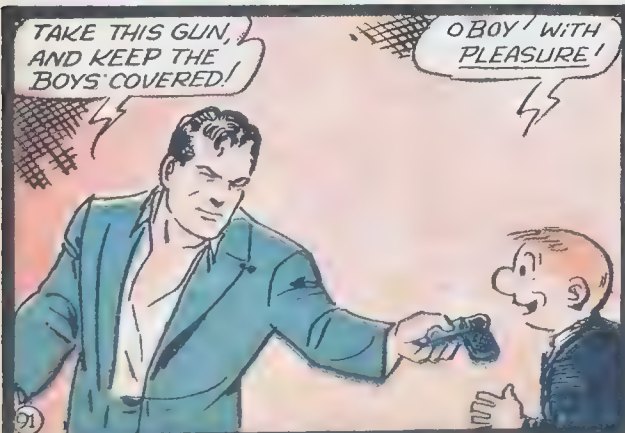
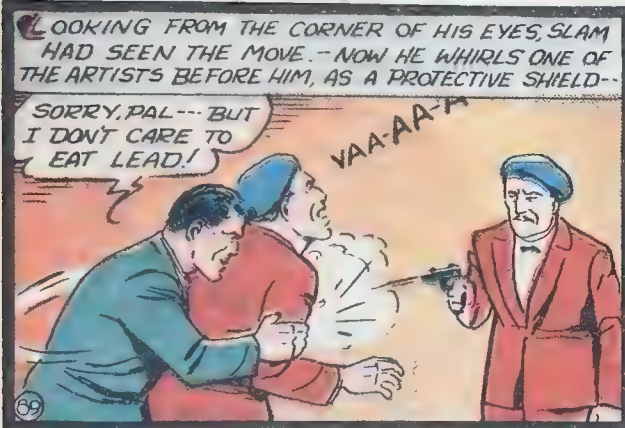
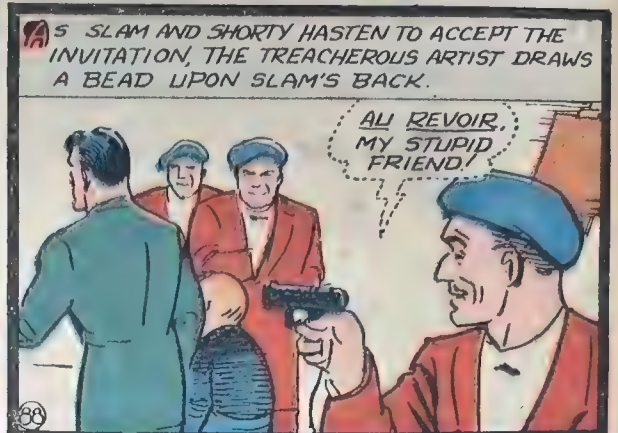
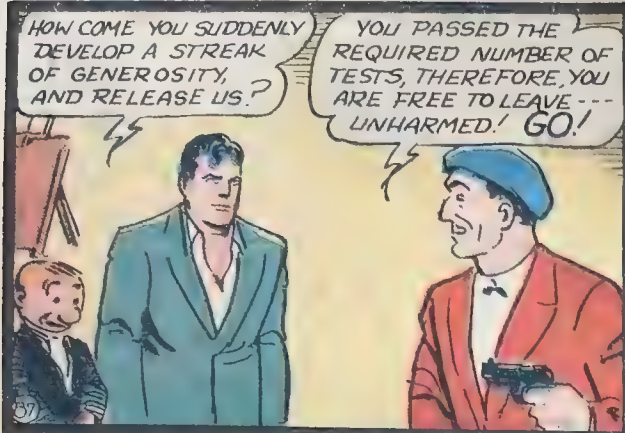
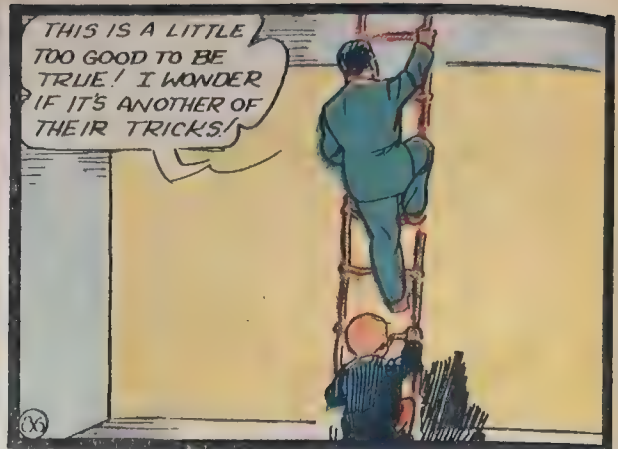
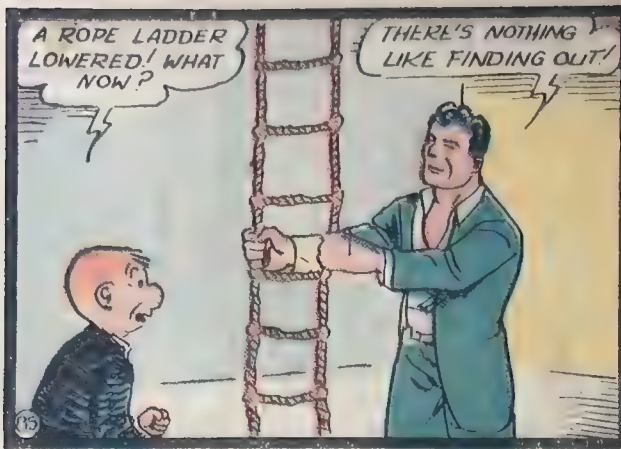


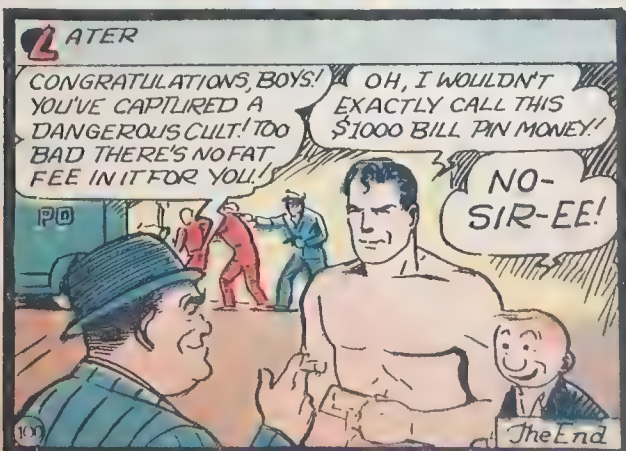
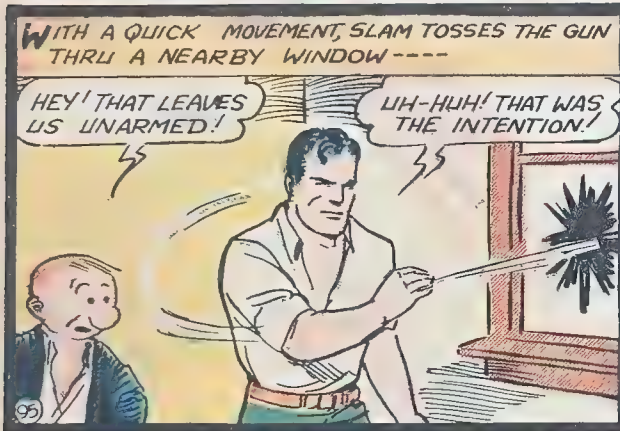
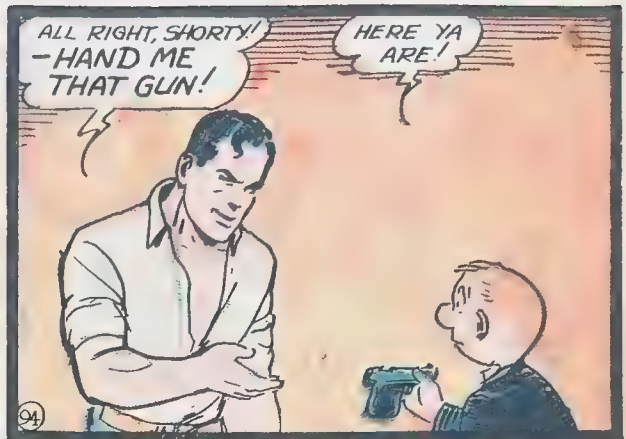










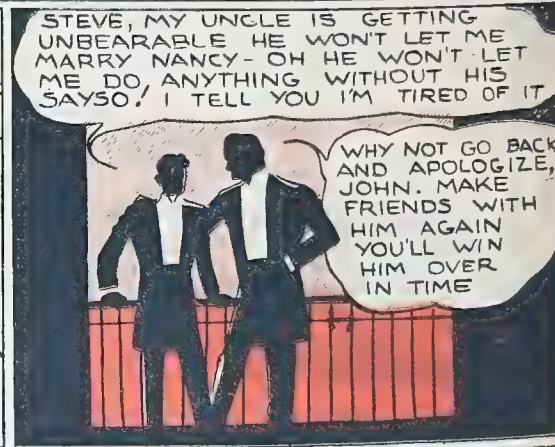
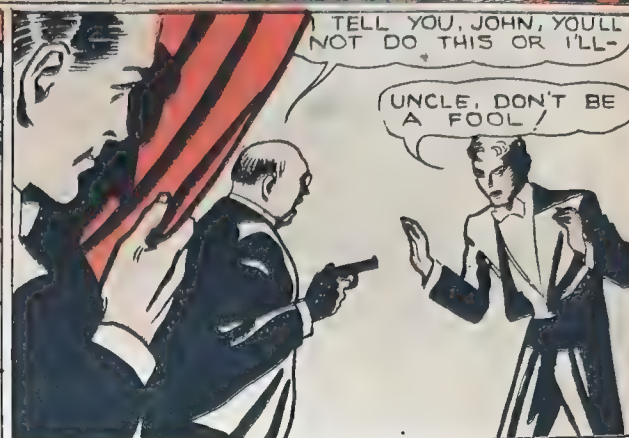


STEVE MALONE

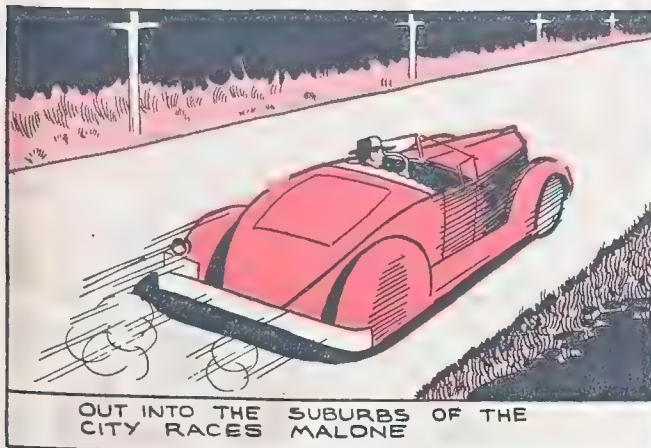
DISTRICT ATTORNEY



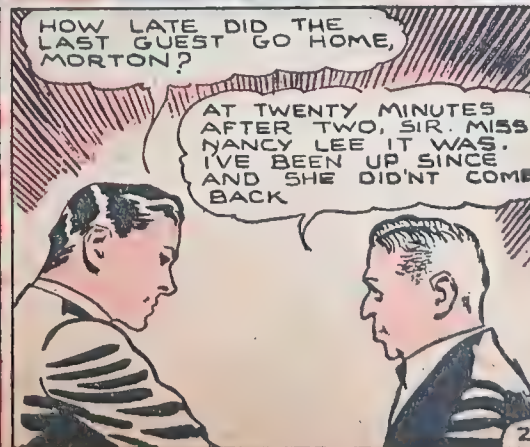
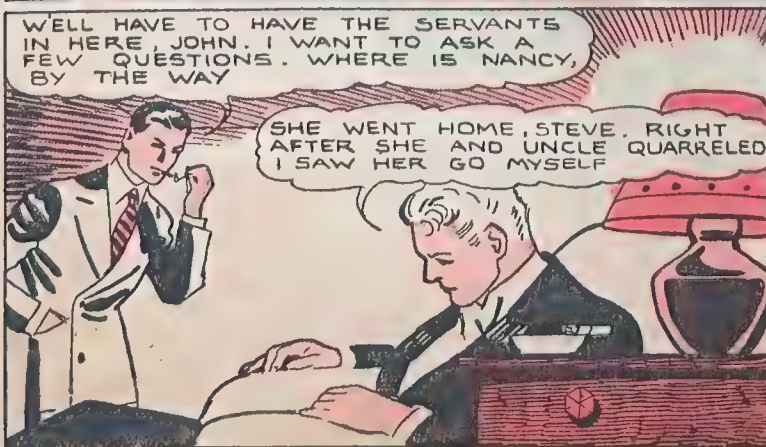
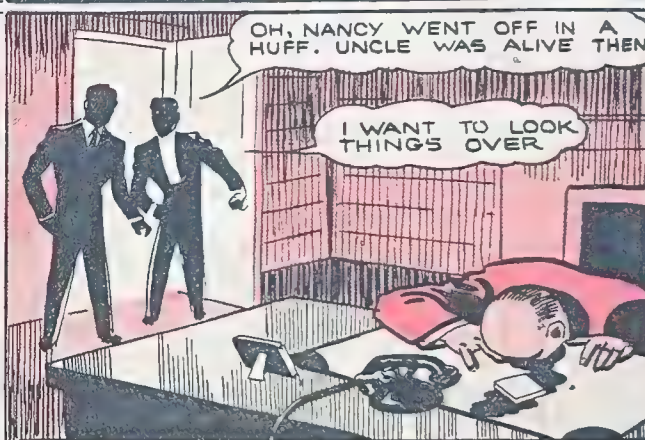
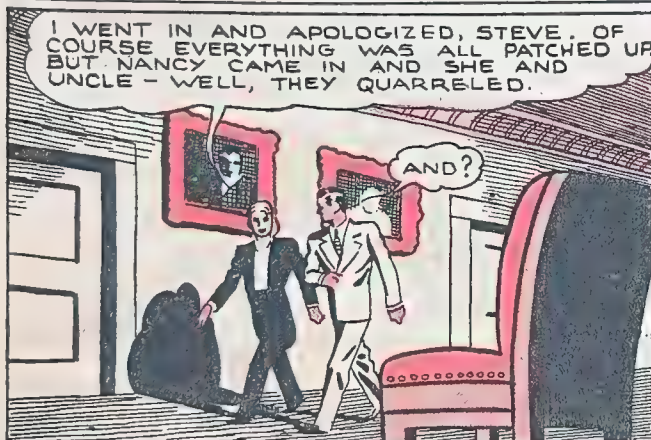
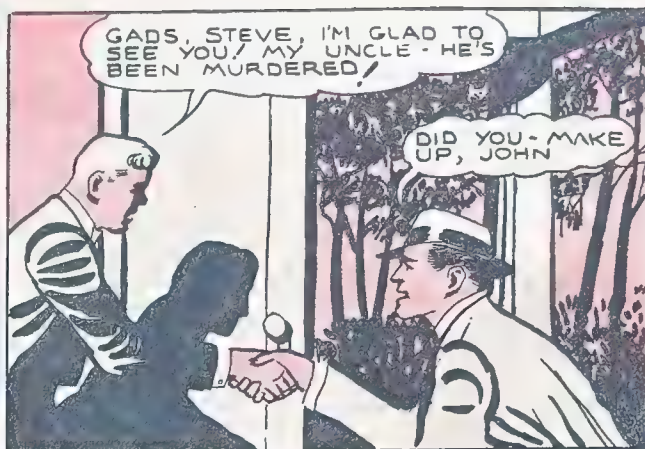
DISTRICT ATTORNEY MALONE AT THE HOUSE PARTY GIVEN BY THE WEALTHY VAN DORNS OVERHEARS A QUARREL...

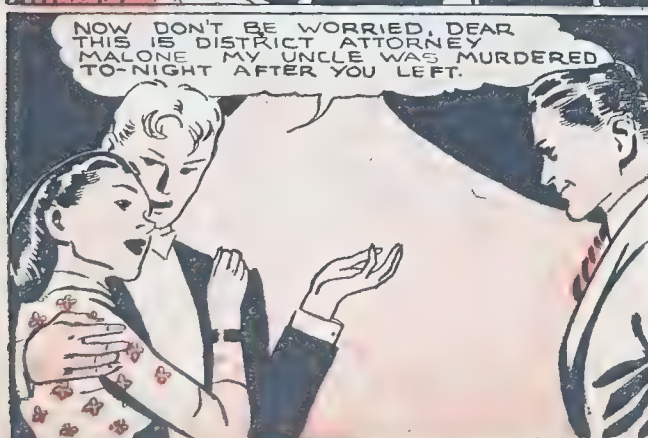
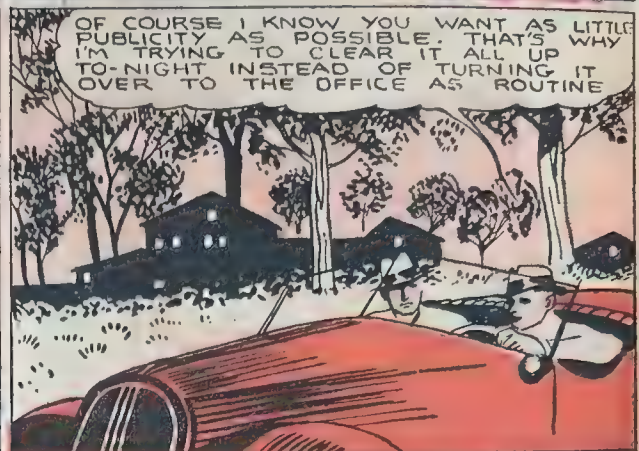
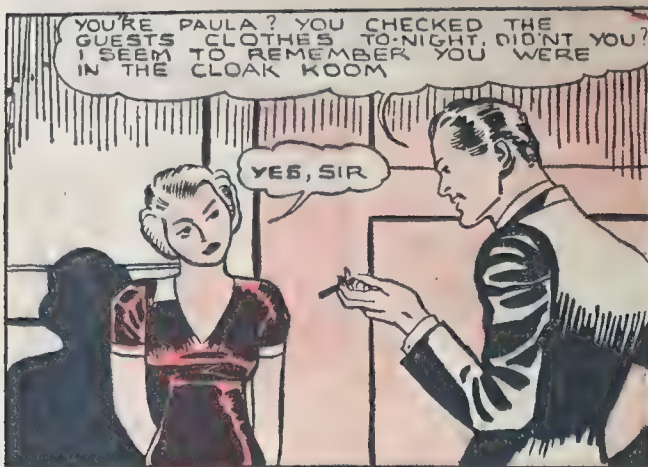


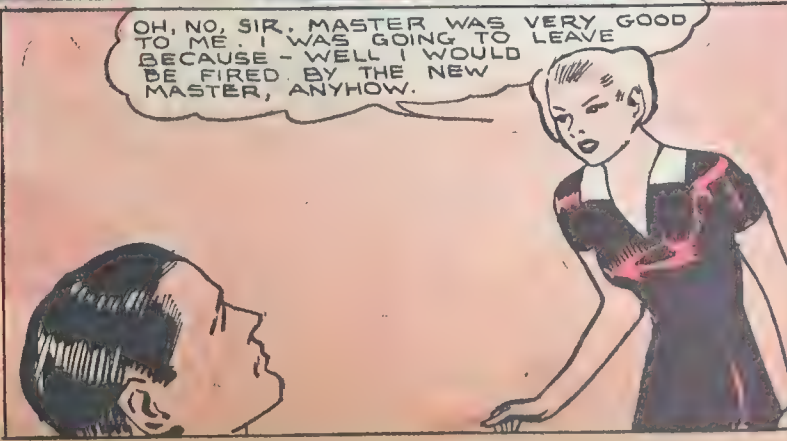
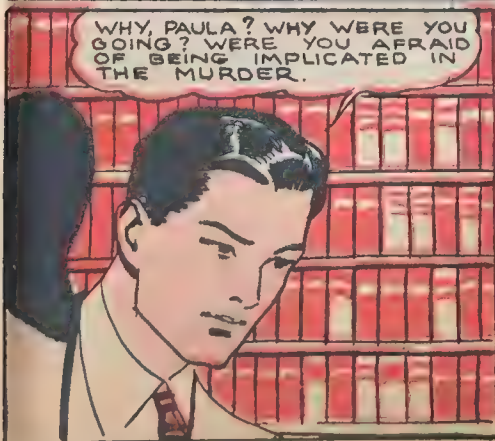
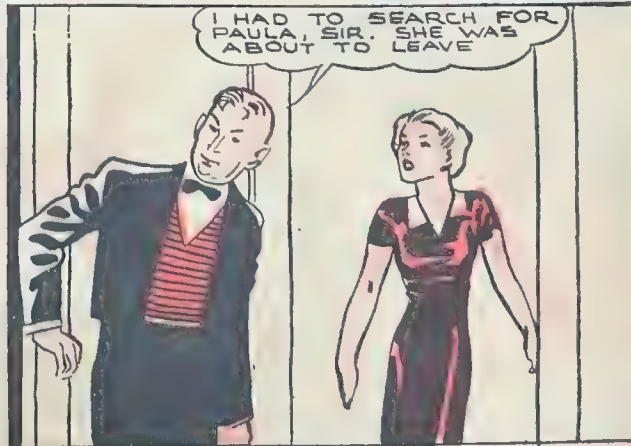
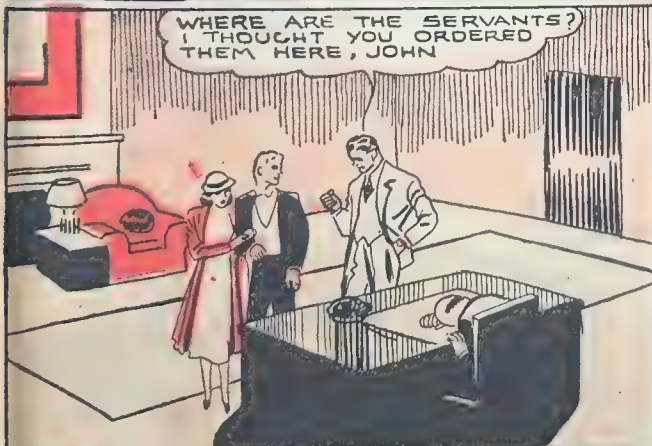
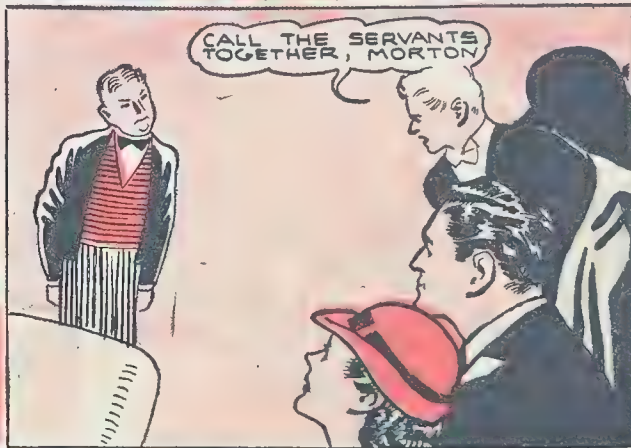
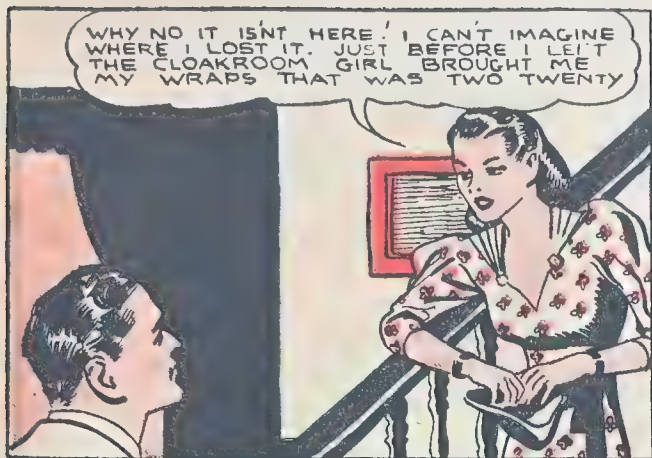
AFTER MALONE HAS GONE TO BED THE TELEPHONE RINGS

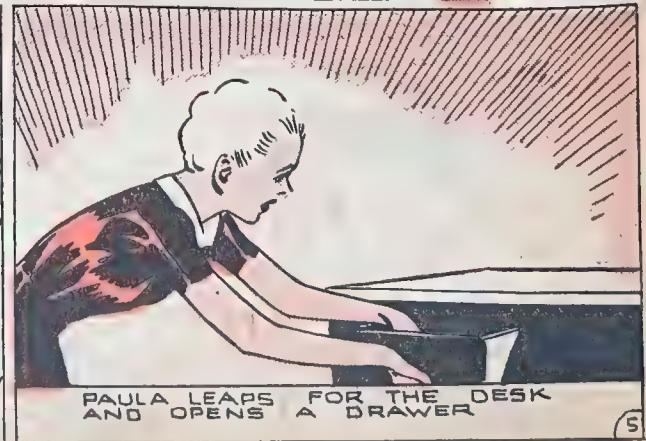
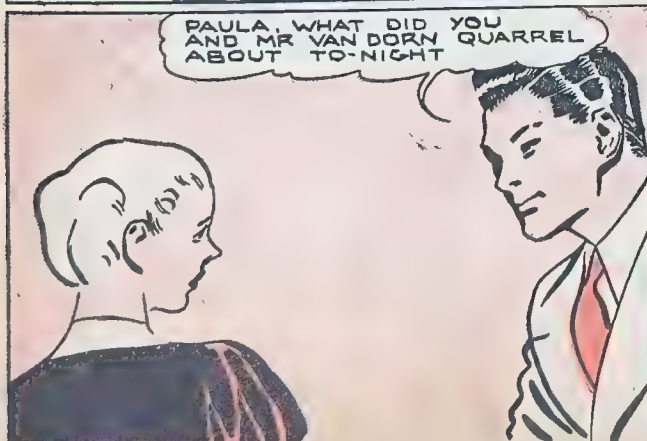
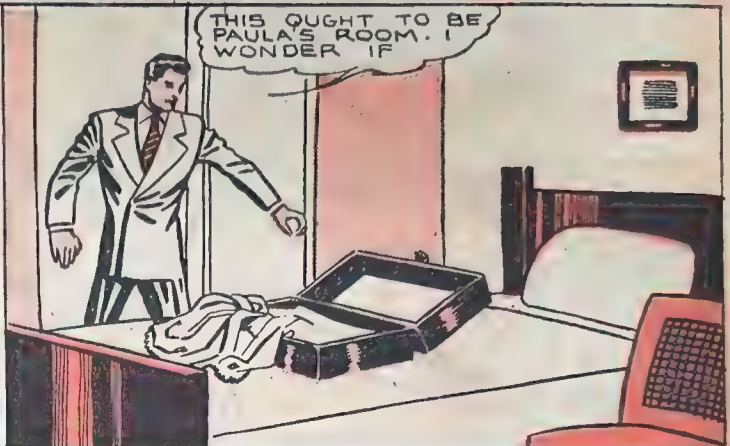
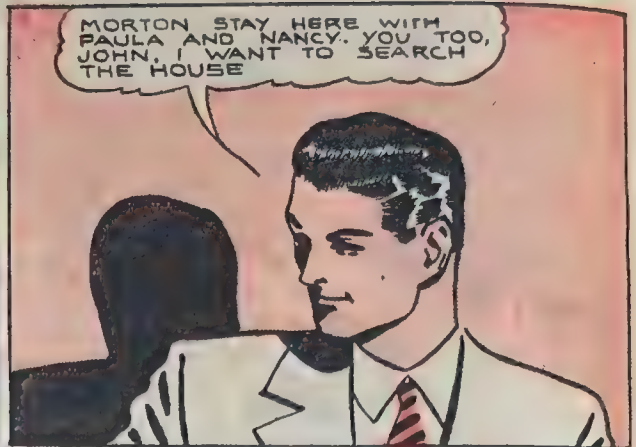
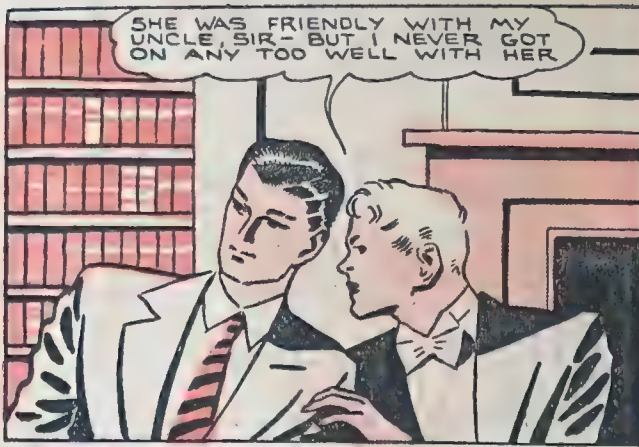


OUT INTO THE SUBURBS OF THE CITY RACES MALONE







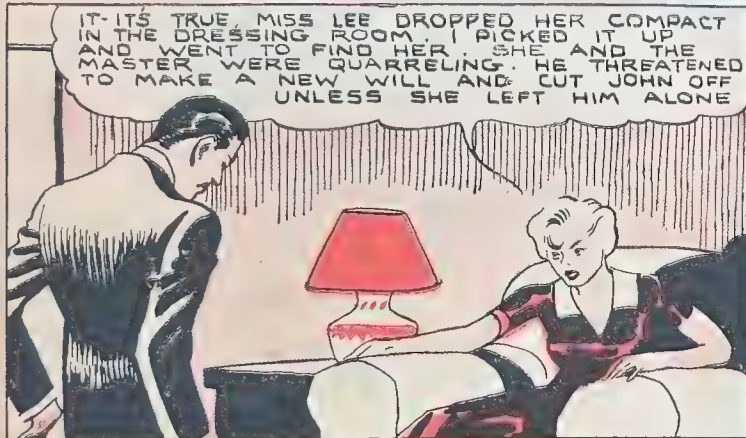




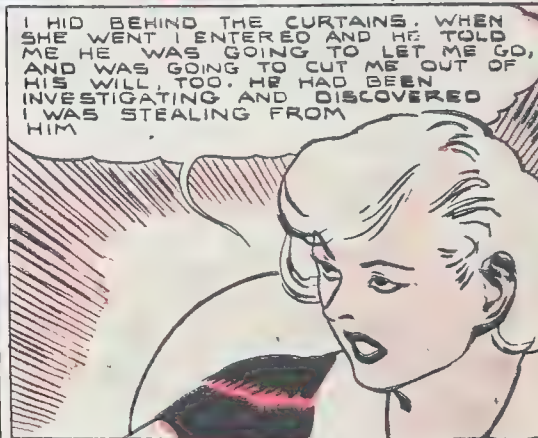
NOT, THIS TIME YOU DON'T KILL.



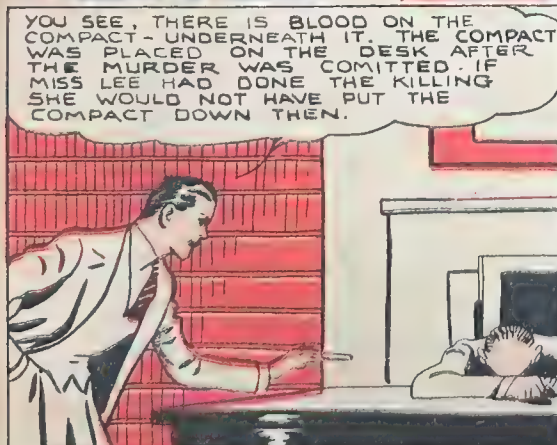
YOU CAME HERE TO-NIGHT AFTER HEARING MISS LEE QUARREL WITH VAN DORN. YOU KNEW HE WAS GOING TO MAKE A NEW WILL, LEAVING YOU OUT.



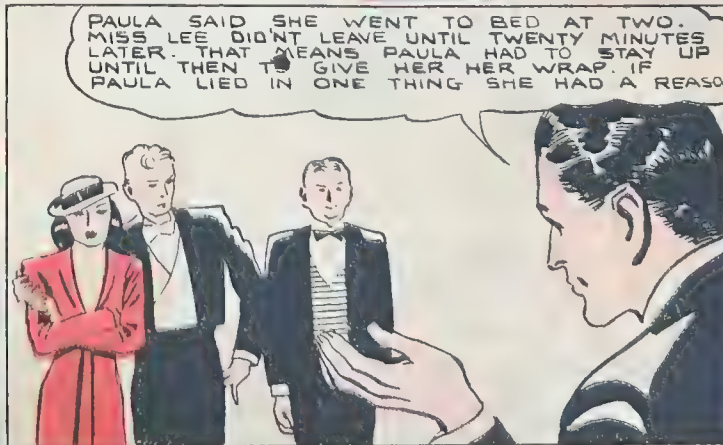
IT-ITS TRUE, MISS LEE DROPPED HER COMPACT IN THE DRESSING ROOM. I PICKED IT UP AND WENT TO FIND HER. SHE AND THE MASTER WERE QUARRELING. HE THREATENED TO MAKE A NEW WILL AND CUT JOHN OFF UNLESS SHE LEFT HIM ALONE.



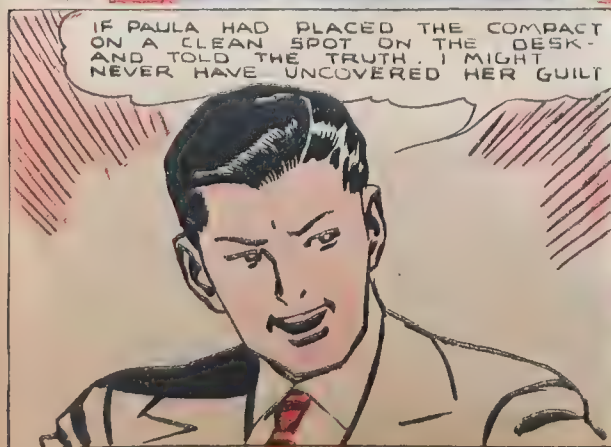
I HID BEHIND THE CURTAINS. WHEN SHE WENT I ENTERED AND HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO LET ME GO, AND WAS GOING TO CUT ME OUT OF HIS WILL, TOO. HE HAD BEEN INVESTIGATING AND DISCOVERED I WAS STEALING FROM HIM.



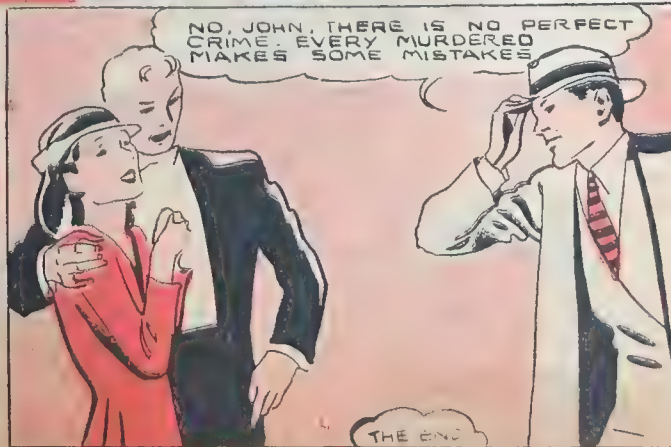
YOU SEE, THERE IS BLOOD ON THE COMPACT - UNDERNEATH IT. THE COMPACT WAS PLACED ON THE DESK AFTER THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED. IF MISS LEE HAD DONE THE KILLING SHE WOULD NOT HAVE PUT THE COMPACT DOWN THEN.



PAULA SAID SHE WENT TO BED AT TWO. MISS LEE DIDN'T LEAVE UNTIL TWENTY MINUTES LATER. THAT MEANS PAULA HAD TO STAY UP UNTIL THEN TO GIVE HER HER WRAP. IF PAULA LIED IN ONE THING SHE HAD A REASON.



IF PAULA HAD PLACED THE COMPACT ON A CLEAN SPOT ON THE DESK - AND TOLD THE TRUTH, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE UNCOVERED HER GUILT.



NO, JOHN, THERE IS NO PERFECT CRIME. EVERY MURDERER MAKES SOME MISTAKES.

THE END

Bruce Nelson.

IN.

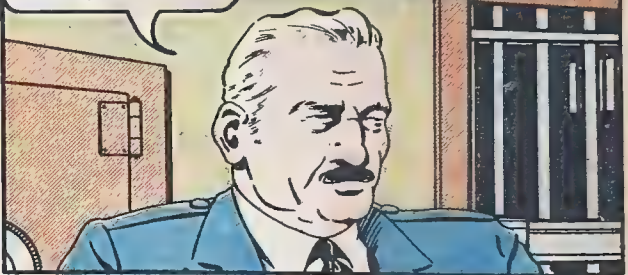
BACK FROM THE DEAD.



YOU SAY, CHIEF, THAT THIS OLD SHELDRAKE HOUSE, IS SUPPOSEDLY HAUNTED, HAS BEEN UNOCCUPIED FOR SIX YEARS, AND IS NOW RENTED TO A RATHER SUSPICIOUS COUPLE NAMED WATSON?



THAT'S RIGHT. ALTHOUGH THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO AROUSE ANY SUSPICION, I JUST THOUGHT IT ODD THAT ANYONE WOULD RENT THAT OLD PLACE WITH SO MANY OTHER HOUSES TO CHOOSE FROM. THERE MUST BE A REASON.



FOR THREE DAYS NELSON AND INSPECTOR HENDERSON KEPT A CLOSE WATCH ON THE HOUSE BUT FAILED TO SEE ANYONE ABOUT.



THE CAR PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A LARGE, MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE. WATSON PARKED HIS CAR AND WENT INSIDE. NELSON STOPPED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET AND SCRUTINIZED THE APARTMENT CLOSELY.



THEY TRAILED HIM DOWN TOWN THRU THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF PUTNAM.



SHORTLY A MAN SAUNTERED UP THE SIDEWALK. HE LEANED AGAINST A POLE AND SEEMED TO BE EYEING A CERTAIN WINDOW IN THE APARTMENT CASUALLY.

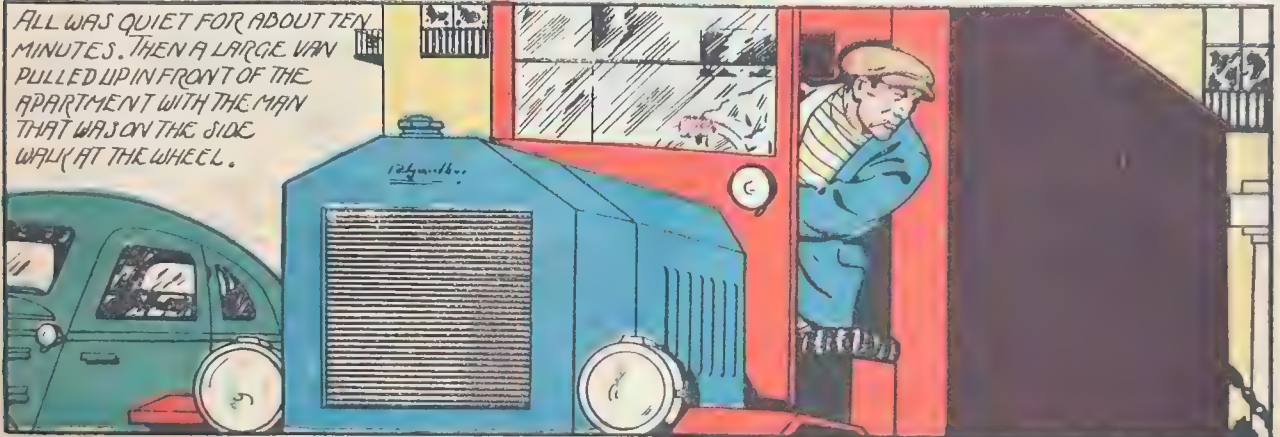


WATCHING THE WINDOW CLOSELY, NELSON SAW THE VENETIAN BLINDS RAISE AND LOWER TWICE.

SEE THAT HENDERSON! IT MUST BE A SIGNAL TO THE MAN DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK. SEE! HE'S WALKING AWAY!



ALL WAS QUIET FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES. THEN A LARGE VAN PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT WITH THE MAN THAT WAS ON THE SIDEWALK AT THE WHEEL.

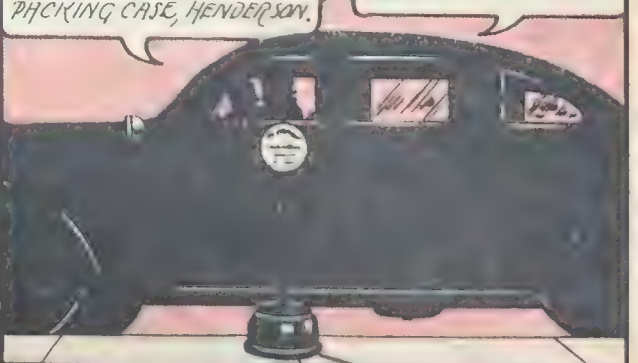


PRESENTLY TWO MEN CARRYING A LARGE PACKING CASE CAME OUT AND LOADED IT ON TO THE VAN.



I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT PACKING CASE, HENDERSON.

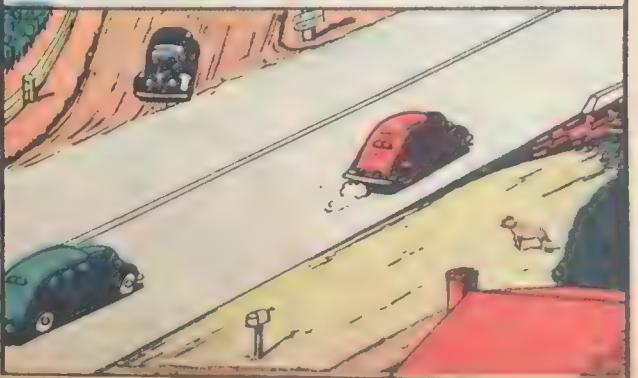
LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT.



NO, I'M GOING TO WAIT FOR WATSON. HE'S THE MAN WE'VE GOT TO WATCH. HERE HE COMES OUT NOW.



WATSON GOT INTO HIS CAR AND DROVE AWAY. NELSON FOLLOWED AT A SAFE DISTANCE.



I THINK WATSON'S WISE TO US FOLLOWING HIM. HE'S TAKING US OUT INTO THE COUNTRY, TRYING TO SHAKE US. I'M GOING TO CUT BACK INTO TOWN. I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL CATCH THAT UAN AT WATSON'S HOUSE.



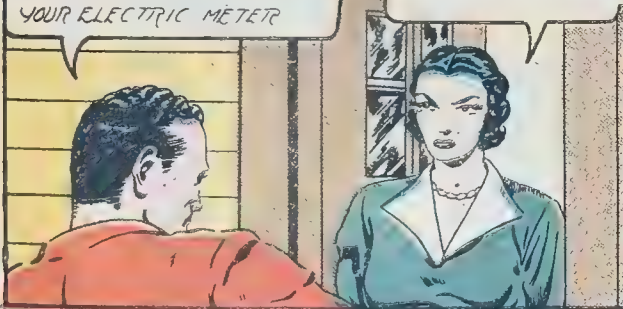
HENDERSON, I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT HOUSE! — I'VE GOT A PLAN! LISTEN! — TOMORROW —



NELSON KNOCKED AT WATSON'S REAR DOOR. A LARGE, HANDSOME WOMAN ANSWERED.

I'M FROM THE LIGHTING COMPANY. I'VE COME TO TEST YOUR ELECTRIC METER

OUR ELECTRIC METER? — OH! — COME IN.

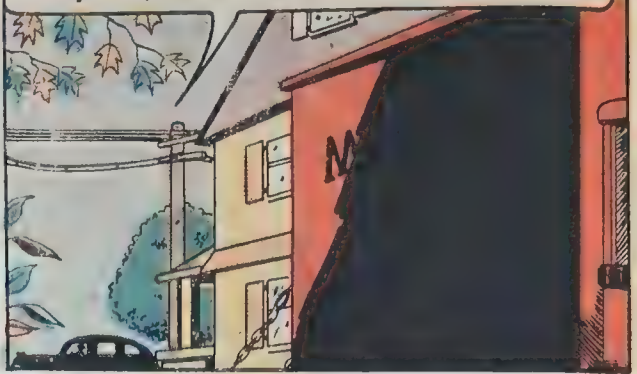


WATSON APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY. AS NELSON STARTED FOR WHAT LOOKED TO BE THE CELLAR DOOR, HE SPOKE SHARPLY.

JUST A MINUTE THERE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER THEY NEARED WATSON'S HOUSE. LOOK! THERE IN THE DRIVEWAY! THAT'S THE UAN!



THE NEXT DAY FINDS NELSON DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE DRAKE COUNTY LIGHTING COMPANY.

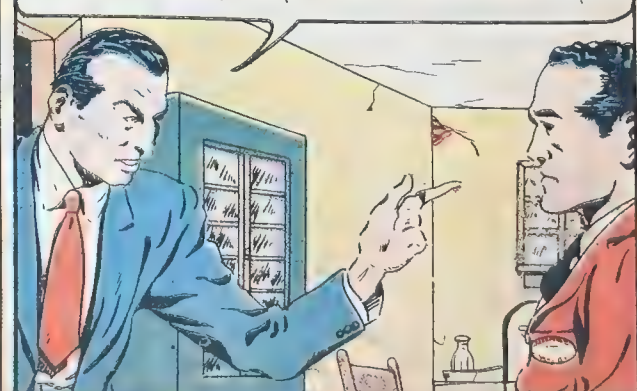
NOW HENDERSON, KEEP YOUR EYES ON WATSON'S HOUSE. IF I DON'T COME OUT IN HALF AN HOUR YOU AND McMILLAN HERE COME AFTER ME.



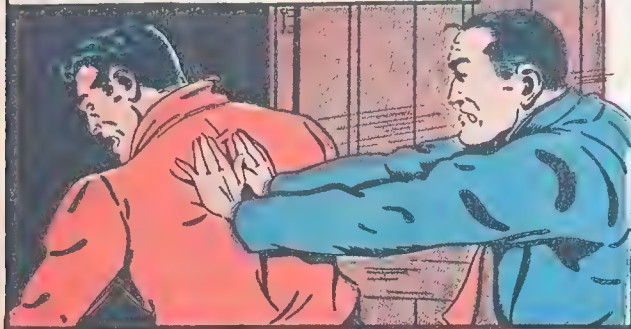
JIM! HERE'S A MAN FROM THE LIGHTING COMPANY TO CHECK THE ELECTRIC METER.



THAT'S THE WRONG DOOR. IT'S THAT ONE OVER THERE.



NELSON OPENED THE DOOR WATSON POINTED TO. IT WAS PITCH DARK INSIDE. SUDDENLY HE RECEIVED A POWERFUL SHOVE. HE PLUNGED FORWARD. THE DOOR SLAMED SHUT BEHIND HIM AND HE HEARD THE LOCK CLICK.



YOU OUGHT TO CHECK UP MORE CLOSELY COPPER. YOUR ELECTRIC METER GAG DIDN'T WORK. YOU SEE THIS HOUSE IS PRETTY OLD. THERE ISN'T ANY ELECTRICITY. WE USE OIL LAMPS.

HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A DARK CLOSET. WATSON SAID.



I'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' YOU COPPER! I HOPE YOU HAD A NICE RIDE YESTERDAY, TRYIN' TO TRAIL ME.

THIS PLACE IS GETTING TOO HOT CAROL. I'M AFRAID THE COPS ARE ON TO US. WE'LL HAVE TO BLOW. GET THE CAR OUT OF THE GARAGE AND RUN IT UP CLOSE TO THE BACK DOOR.



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO GET ALL THE STUFF OUT OF THE VEGETABLE CELLAR, PACK IT IN THE CAR AND BURN IT. WE CAN'T STAY HERE ANY LONGER.

WHAT ABOUT THE FLATFOOT IN THE CLOSET?



WHEN WE GET READY, I'LL SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE. THAT WILL DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE, AND MR. FLATFOOT TOO.



IF THIS PLACE IS SO OLD IT DOESN'T HAVE ELECTRICITY, IT PROBABLY IS IN PRETTY DILAPIDATED CONDITION. MAYBE THIS DOOR ISN'T SO STRONG. PERHAPS I CAN CRASH IT DOWN.



NELSON THREW ALL OF HIS 190 POUNDS OF BONE AND MUSCLE AGAINST THE DOOR. IT SHUDDERED BUT HELD.



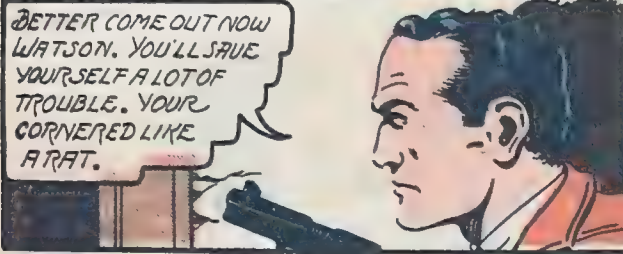
ONE MORE GOOD WALLOP SHOULD DO IT.

ONCE AGAIN HE THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR. THERE WAS A TEARING, SPLINTERING SOUND AND NELSON PLUNGED OUT INTO THE KITCHEN.



NELSON CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE CELLAR DOOR. HE CROUCHED AGAINST THE WALL ALONG SIDE OF IT.

BETTER COME OUT NOW WATSON. YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE. YOU'RE CORNERED LIKE A RAT.



WHILE WATSON WAS TALKING NELSON ATTEMPTED TO TAKE HIM UNAWARES. HE SHOWED HIMSELF AND INSTANT AND FIRED RAPIDLY INTO THE DARK CELLAR.



5

HE CREEPT CAUTIOUSLY OVER TO THE WINDOW, AND LEAVING OUT FIRED TWO SHOTS INTO THE AIR.

••• WHILE DOWN IN THE CELLAR •••

GOOD NIGHT JEFF! HE BROKE OUT OF THE CLOSET!

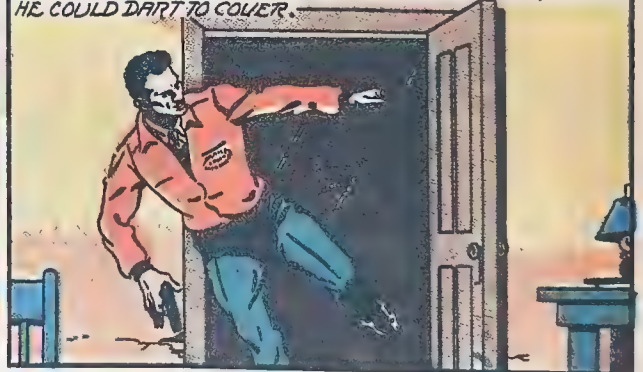
WE'RE SAFE HERE. IF ANY ONE TRIES TO COME DOWN THOSE STAIRS THEY'LL BE SILHOULETTED AGAINST THE DOORWAY. I CAN PUMP THEM FULL OF LEAD.



IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!



AN ANSWERING HOLLEY ECHOED UP THE STAIRS. ONE OF THE SHOTS PIERCED THE ARM OF NELSON'S WIND BREAKER BEFORE HE COULD DART TO COVER.



MC MILLAN! HEAR THAT? SHOTS FROM WATSON'S HOUSE! LET'S GET GOING!



HENDERSON AND McMILLAN STORMED INTO THE HOUSE.

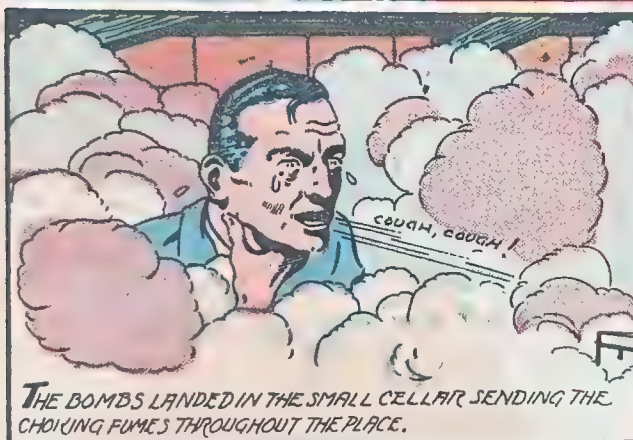
NELSON! ARE YOU O.K.?

O.K. ! McMILLAN !
GET THOSE TEAR GAS BOMBS
OUT OF THE CAR ! HURRY !



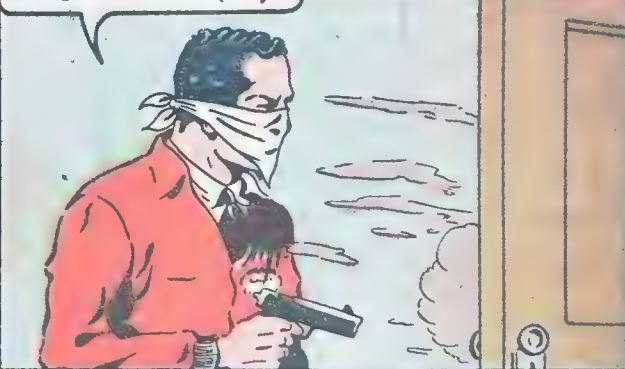
McMILLAN RETURNED WITH THE BOMBS. NELSON TOOK TWO
AND HEAVED THEM INTO THE CELLAR.

ALL RIGHT
WATSON ! UP
YOU COME..



THE BOMBS LANDED IN THE SMALL CELLAR SENDING THE
CHOKING FUMES THROUGHOUT THE PLACE.

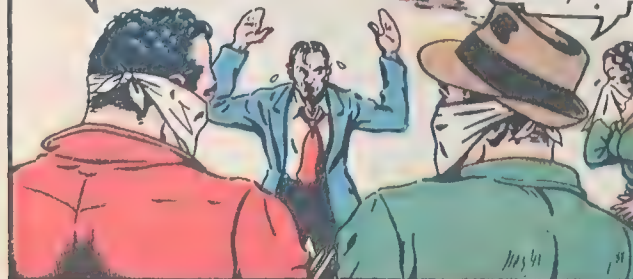
ALL RIGHT, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP. THROW
YOUR GUNS OUT FIRST !



THE TWO DESPERADO'S STAGGERED OUT GASPING FOR AIR.

ALL RIGHT HENDERSON, SNAP
THE CUFFS ON WATSON ALIAS WIRDONE.

WIRDONE ! THE
OLD BANK ROBBER ?
I THOUGHT HE WAS
DEAD ?



NELSON TOOK A BURNT MATCH AND MADE TWO MARKS ON
WIRDONE'S UPPER LIP.

SEE ! WATSON WITH A MUS-
TACHE IS WIRDONE. HE ALSO
CHANGED HIS VOICE AND GRAYED
HIS HAIR A BIT AT THE TEMPLES.



THE MAN WE KILLED IN THE GUN BATTLE WITH WIRDONE'S
GANG WAS A MAN WHO WAS A DEAD RINGER FOR WIRDONE.
AT FIRST WE THOUGHT IT WAS HE BUT AFTER THIS NEW
SERIES OF ROBBERIES
BROKE OUT USING
WIRDONE'S OLD METHODS.
I GREW SUSPICIOUS.
MY SUSPICIONS WERE
CORRECT. THIS IS THE
REAL WIRDONE, VERY
MUCH ALIVE.

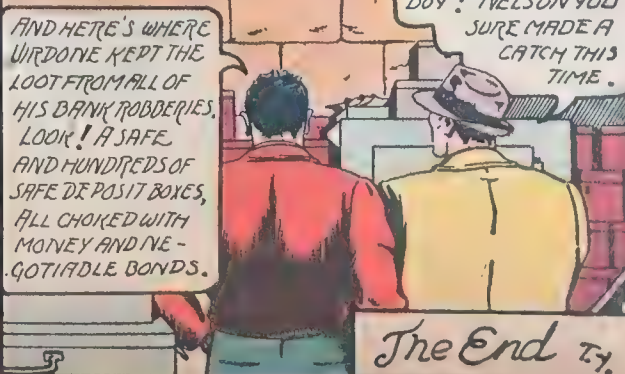


6

AFTER THE TEAR GAS HAD CLEARED THEY WENT DOWN
CELLAR.

AND HERE'S WHERE
WIRDONE KEPT THE
LOOT FROM ALL OF
HIS BANK ROBBERIES.
LOOK ! A SAFE
AND HUNDREDS OF
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES,
ALL CHOKED WITH
MONEY AND NE-
GOTIABLE BONDS.

Boy ! NELSON YOU
SURE MADE A
CATCH THIS
TIME.



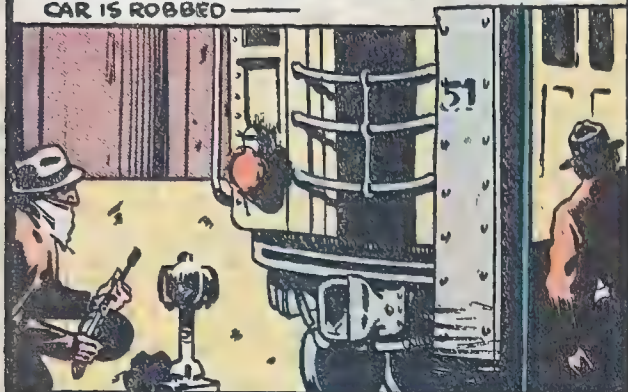
The End T.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE
LEADER

Jim Chambers

THE POWER IS SHUT OFF AND A SUBWAY PAYROLL
CAR IS ROBBED



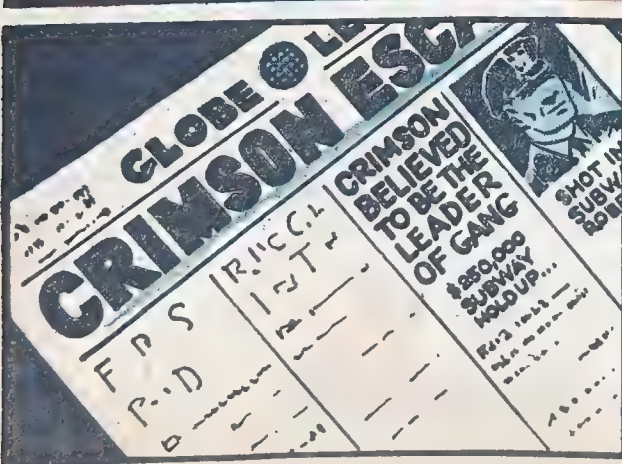
NOT FAR FROM THE DISASTER A FIGURE CRAWLS
FROM A MANHOLE — THE CRIMSON!



ASTONISHED PEDESTRIANS RECOGNIZE HIM
AND HASTILY DRAW BACK



STAND BACK!
LET ME THRU.



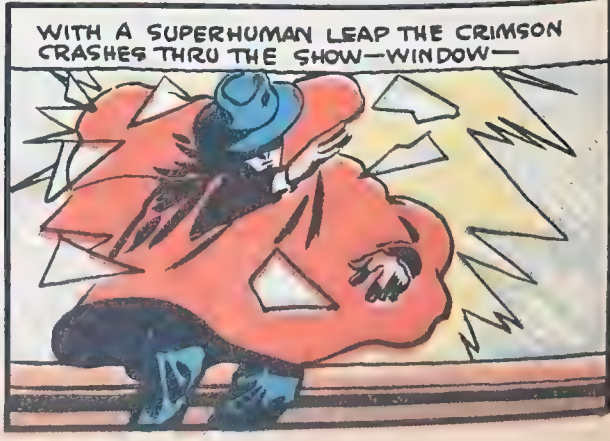
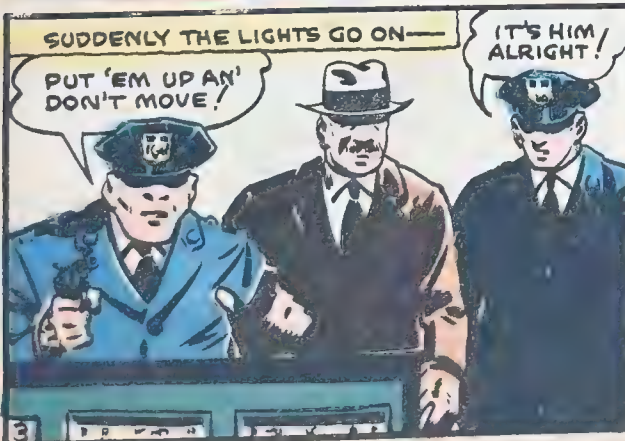
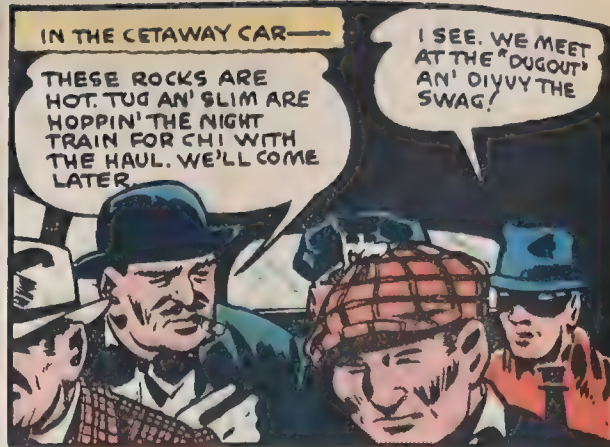
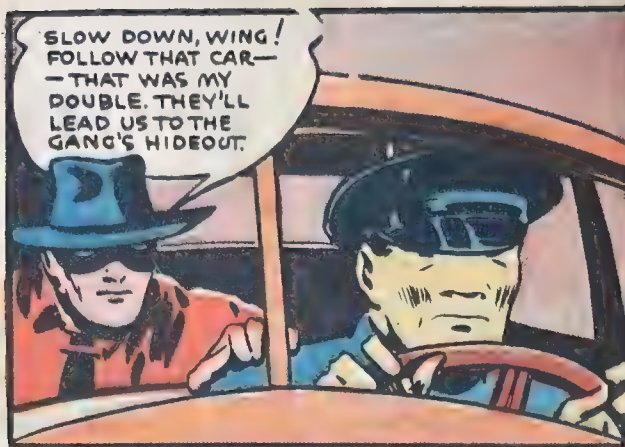
IN THE GLOBE OFFICES —

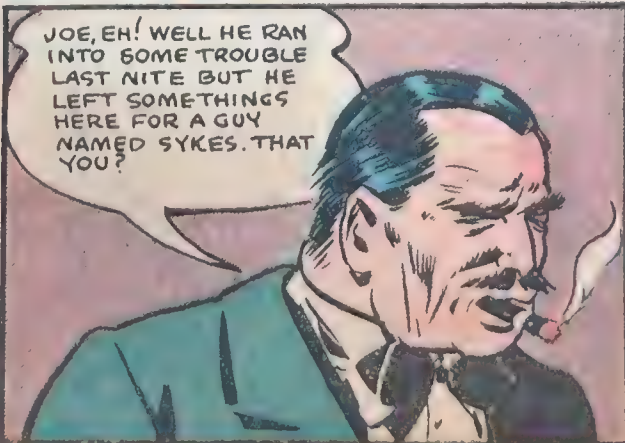
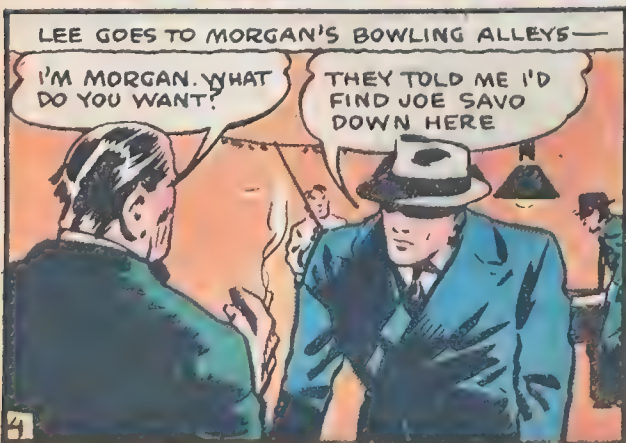
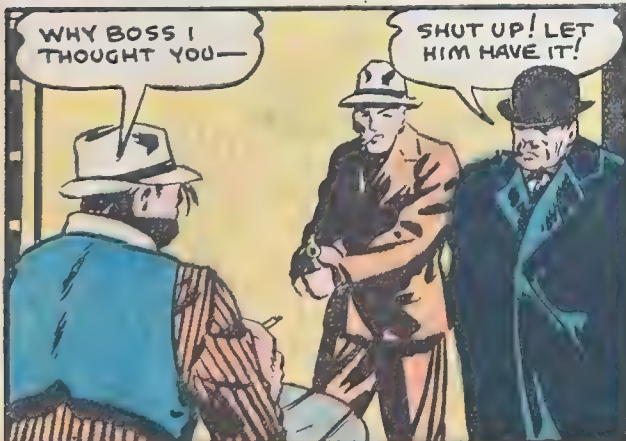
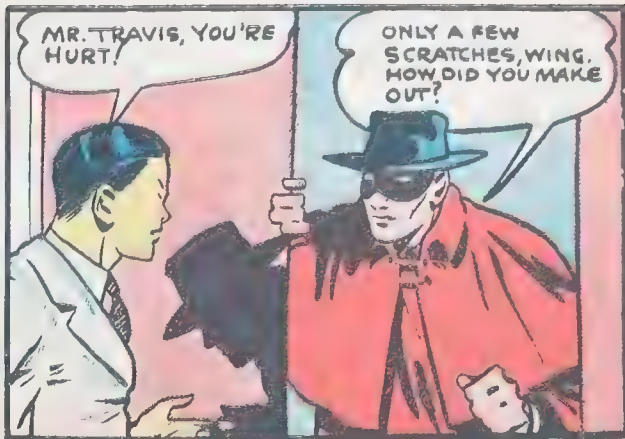
THEY'RE NOT ON THE
TRAIL OF THE CRIMSON
THIS TIME. THAT COP DIED.

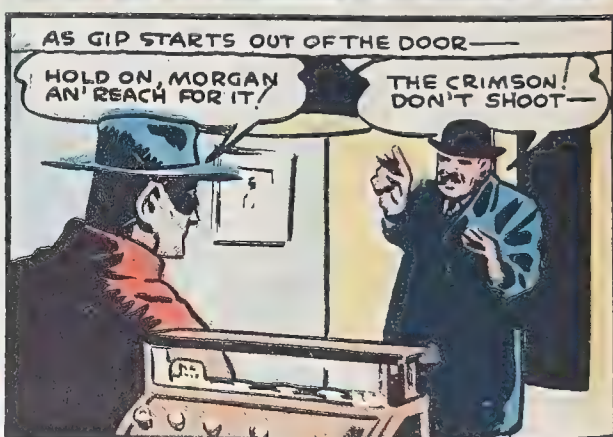
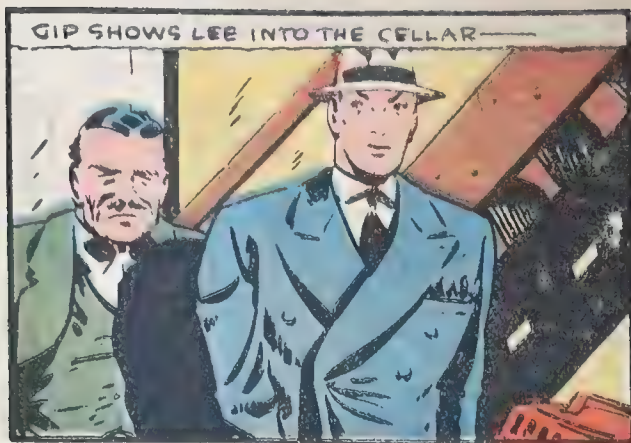
THAT'S TOO BAD
AND YET I DON'T
THINK THIS IS THE
CRIMSON'S JOB!

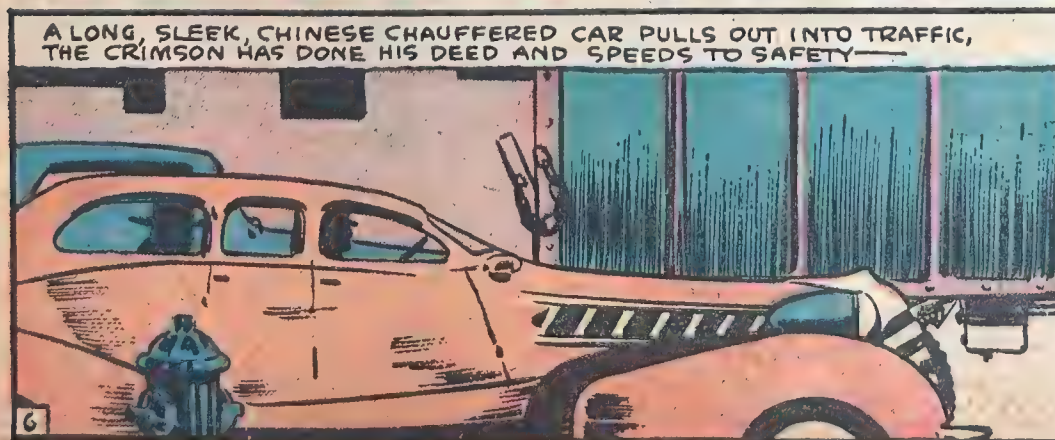
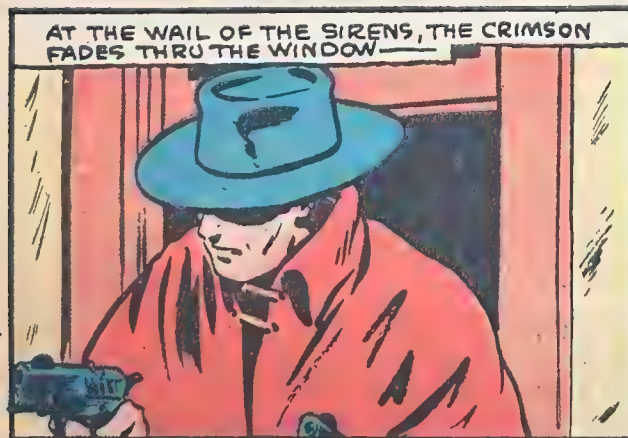
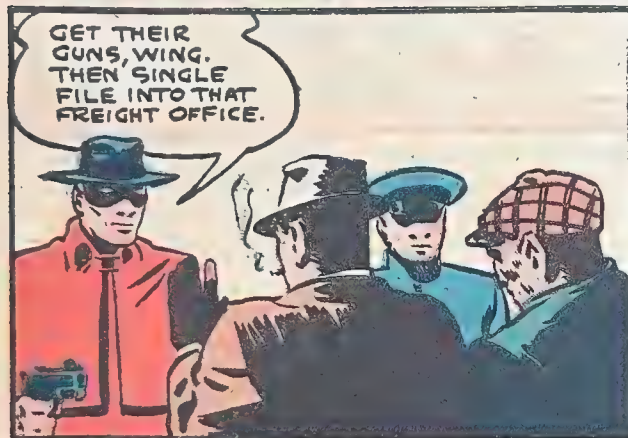
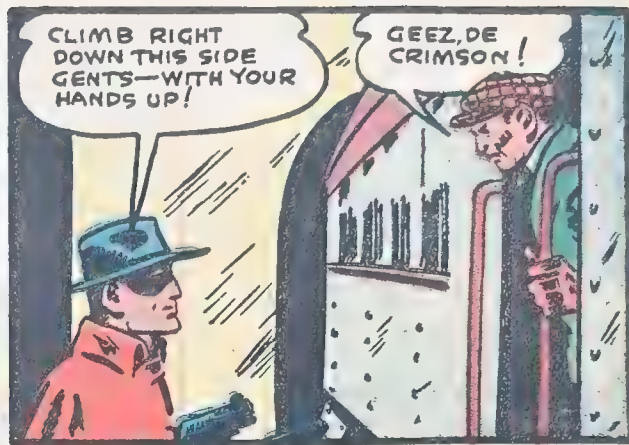
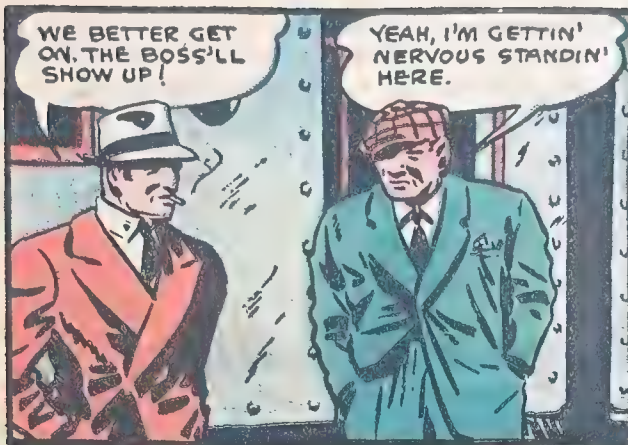












THE kindly faced, white haired gentleman, bent with age and supported by an ebony cane, approached Miss Benson's desk. The comely young lady was secretary to Henry Sumner, president of the wealthy and famous jewelry house of Halsey Bryant and Company.

"I would like to see Mr. Sumner, please," the elderly man said.

"Have you an appointment?" asked the secretary.

"Yes, indeed," the man replied.

"I spoke to Mr. Sumner yesterday on the phone. We made an appointment for this morning."

"Will you have a chair and I'll see if Mr. Sumner is busy?" The young lady entered the president's private office and reappeared shortly.

"Mr. Sumner will see you immediately. Won't you step in?" Miss Benson held the door open and closed it when the aged gentleman had passed through.

Back of a large, glass topped desk sat Mr. Sumner, florid and hearty. He rose instantly and offered the white haired man a comfortable-leather seat.

"I'm very happy you came, Mr. Browne," said the president. "Now tell me a bit more clearly what you wish me to do for you. You mentioned something on the phone yesterday about appraising a valuable string of pearls, is that correct?"

The old man dug into his coat and drew out a long, velvet box. "Yes, you're quite right, Mr. Sumner. This particular string has been in the family for many generations and though I feel as if I'm committing



a grievous sin by breaking a time-honored tradition, I must of necessity dispose of it. The bonds and other investments I hold are practically worthless and these pearls are the last of a once wealthy estate. However, in this day and age one must make his own livelihood and that is why I would like to have you appraise the string to ascertain its true worth, before I place it on the market for public sale."

"May I see the string?" asked Sumner.

The elderly man opened the case and lifted out a string of beautifully matched pink pearls. Sumner took them in his hand and bent over to scrutinize them more carefully . . . and that was the last conscious thing he remembered for quite some time.

With a swiftness certainly not to be seen in aged persons, the white haired man grasped a blackjack from his pocket and brought it down on the back of Sumner's head. The president slumped in his chair senseless, the pearls slipping through his fingers onto the glass top of the desk.

Silently, the white haired man leaped from the desk and tip-toed across the carpet to the door. He turned the key without a sound. He crossed the floor again to the large safe that stood in the corner of the room back of Sumner's desk. A few expert twirls of the knob and presently the heavy door swung open, revealing numerous small compartments.

Very methodically, he emptied the contents of the trays on the top shelves of the safe into a thick cloth sack. There were diamonds, cut and uncut, emeralds, rubies and many

other varieties of the precious stones of the world . . . the whole haul being worth, in round numbers, close to \$500,000.

He replaced the trays in their pigeon-holes and closed and locked the safe. Returning to the desk, he picked up the string of pearls and dropped it in his pocket. Then taking out a small mirror, he carefully studied his facial features to see that they were as they should be. Satisfied, he took his belongings, cane, hat and gloves and walked to the door. He unlocked it as soundlessly as he had turned the key five minutes before, and stepped into the outer office.



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As he was closing the door, he called back, presumably for the purpose of having Miss Benson hear: "Thank you kindly, Mr. Sumner. I sincerely trust I'll have the pleasure of doing business with you again."

He shut the door to the private office and walked slowly past the secretary's desk. He smiled kindly and wished her a pleasant good-day. Ambling down the aisle between the jewelry counters, he opened the front door and was soon lost in the stream of people moving constantly past the store.

It wasn't until fifteen minutes later that Miss Benson walked into Mr. Sumner's private office and found the president sprawled over his desk, unconscious but still breathing.



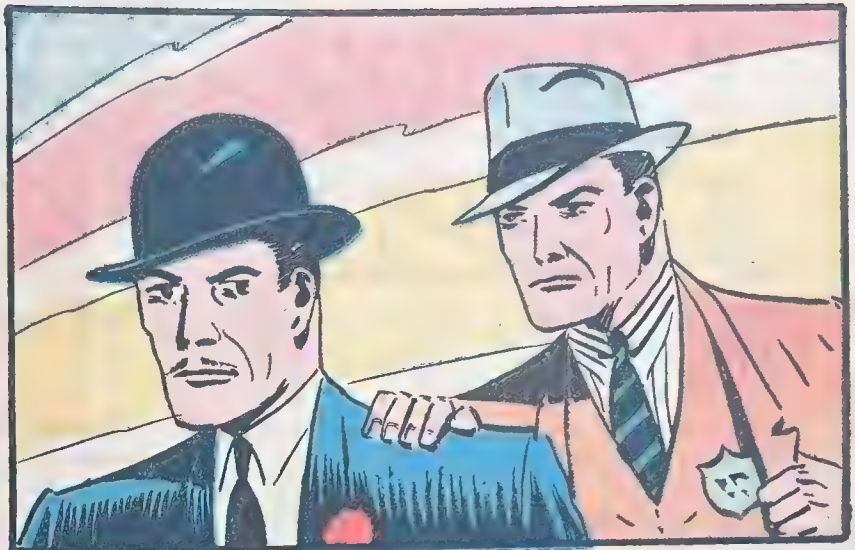
IN a small apartment in a squalid boarding house on the East side, the white haired man stood before a mirror. Towel in hand, he industriously wiped off the make-up grease and powder that had been so cleverly applied as to deceive even the closest observer of the man's real age and identity.

He pulled off the white wig and brushed his own coal-black hair into place. From his appearance he was a man in the neighborhood of thirty-five years of age, well-built and in perfect condition.

"Well, Kurt Harvey, you did right well by yourself today," he said to his smiling reflection in the mirror. "Almost half a million in gems and practically as easy as taking a breath of air. Not bad at all, for a few hours work. . . I'm mighty proud of you, Kurt!"

He packed all his clothes and placed the stolen jewels in a velvet-lined leather belt around his waist. The wig was destroyed by the simple method of burning it. He adjusted his tie, put on his hat and left the apartment . . . "and for good," he murmured to himself.

At the corner he called a taxi and gave the driver instructions to take him to the Imperial Steamship piers on West Street. He had purchased his ticket several months before, in preparation for just this event. On



the high seas he was virtually outside the arms of the law and once in Europe, they would never find him. He smiled proudly at his own cleverness and lit a cigarette.

He alighted at the pier, paid the driver off and made his way toward the gangplank. He was about to ascend when a hand was placed on his shoulder in a restraining fashion.

"Just one moment, Harvey," a voice said. "There are a few things we'd like to ask you!"

The color drained from Harvey's face and he spun around to stare at two grim-looking detectives. They marched him into the small customs room at the end of the pier and without further ado, proceeded to search him. They found the stolen gems in the leather belt. All the strength left Harvey's body and he sank onto a chair, completely exhausted and unnerved.

"But how did you know?" he asked the detectives. "How did you find out?"

"Very simply," one of them replied. "When you opened Sumner's safe, you left a mark on the side of the door."

"I couldn't have left fingerprints . . . I wore gloves!"

The detective laughed. "It wasn't a fingerprint . . . it was make-up powder! And from our records we knew that there are only three gem crooks who are clever enough and who have nerve enough to pull a job like the Sumner one with the aid of disguise."

"But why me?" asked Harvey. "What about the other two?"

"The other two are serving terms in prison . . . you were the only one left!" And the detective placed the handcuffs on Harvey's wrists.

THE END

Ted's Brate
Writes Jim
Now Money and Prizes
Are Coming to Him

BOYS! EARN MONEY AND A BIKE!

FILL your pockets with cash. Earn any of 300 big prizes, including printing press, movie machine, athletic equipment, or a bicycle. How your chums' eyes will pop when you ride this new bike down the street. Comes equipped with latest accessories. Start earning prizes and making money now. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Mail coupon to start.

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Address _____

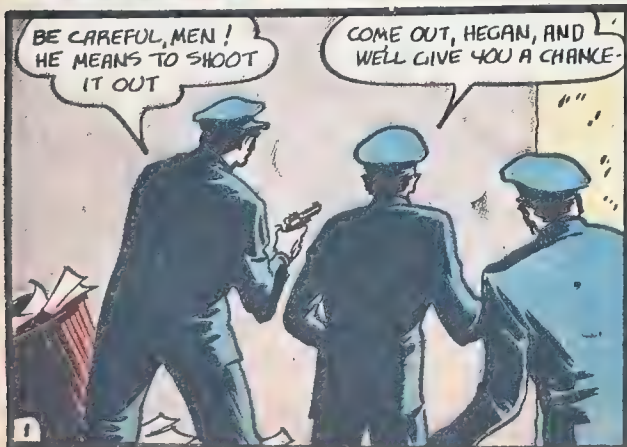
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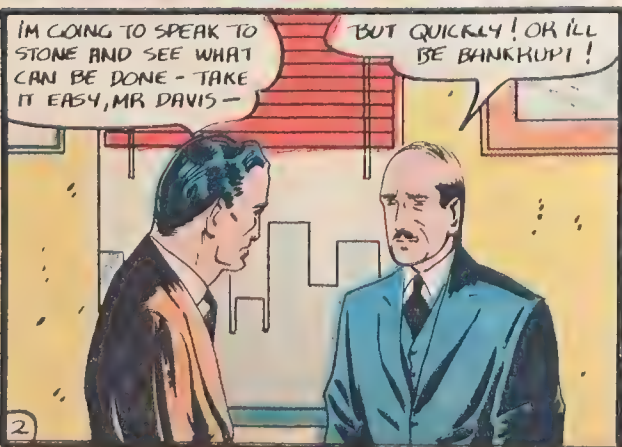
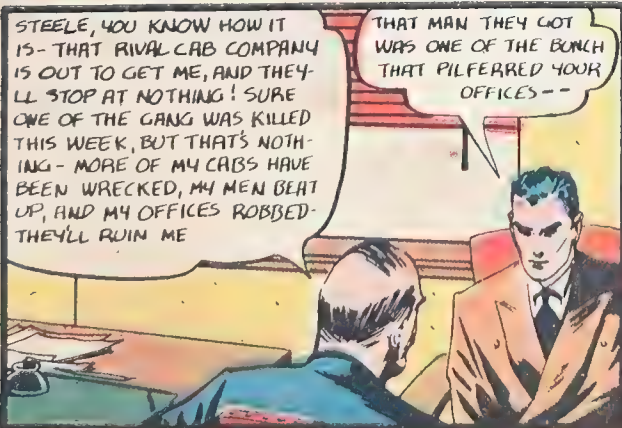


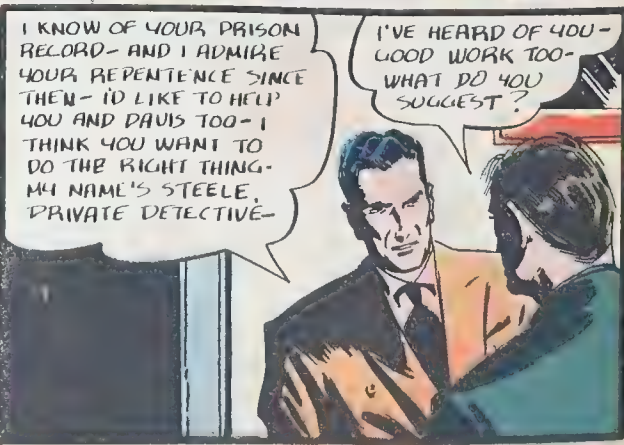
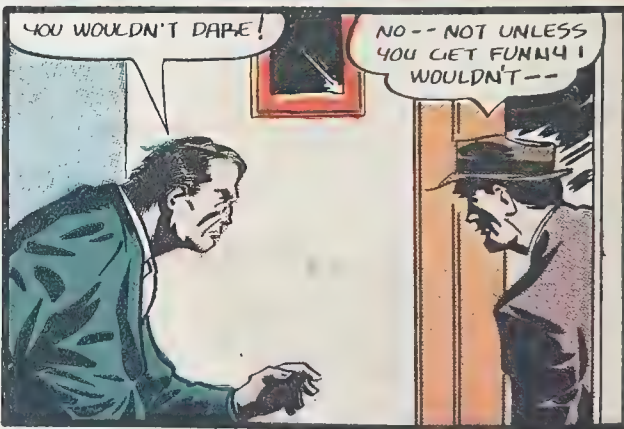
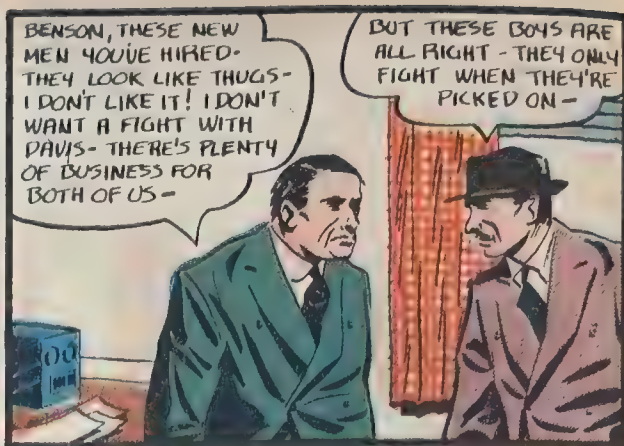
LARRY STEELE

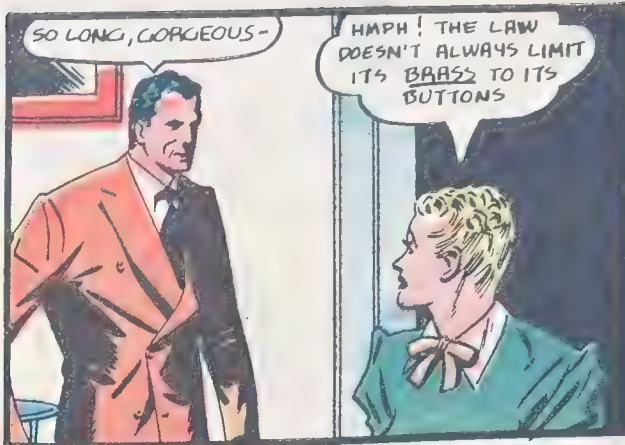
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

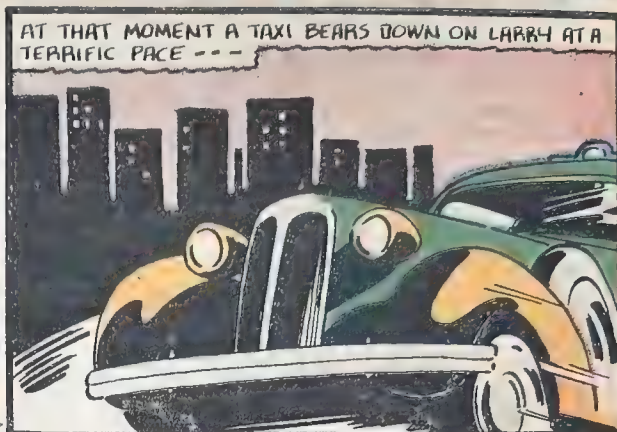
by Will Ely



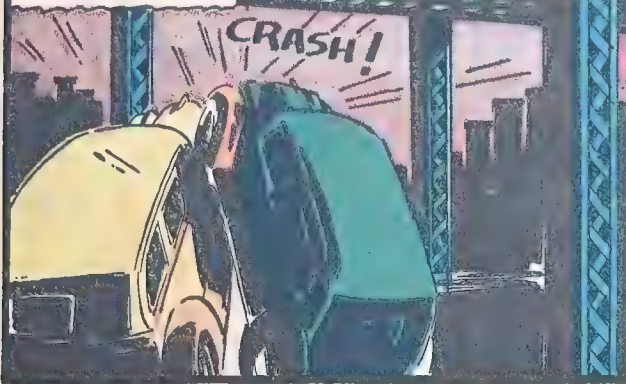








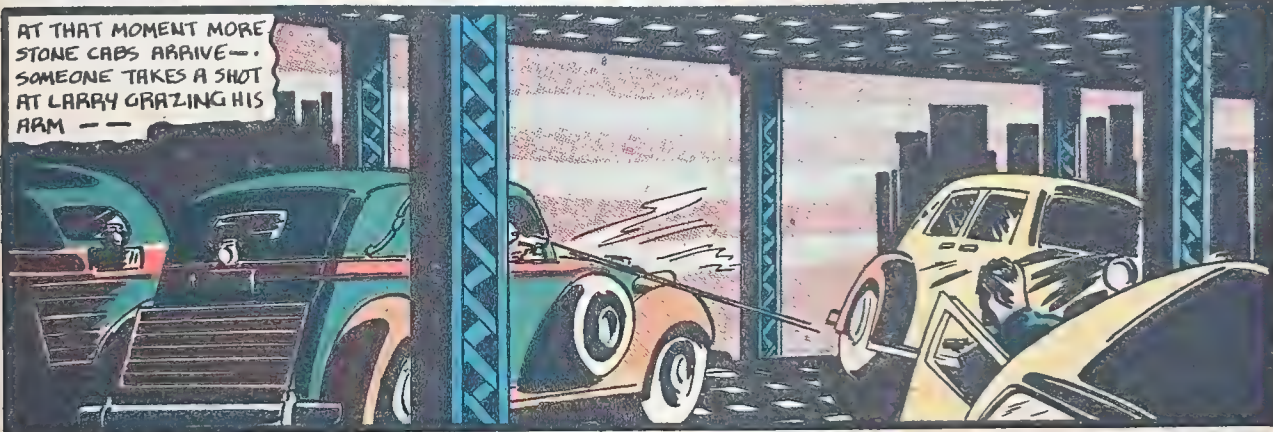
THE DRIVER OF THE DAVIS CAB TRIES TO AVOID A CRASH,
BUT TOO LATE --



GET 'EM
UP, YOU
RATS YOU
GAMES UP!



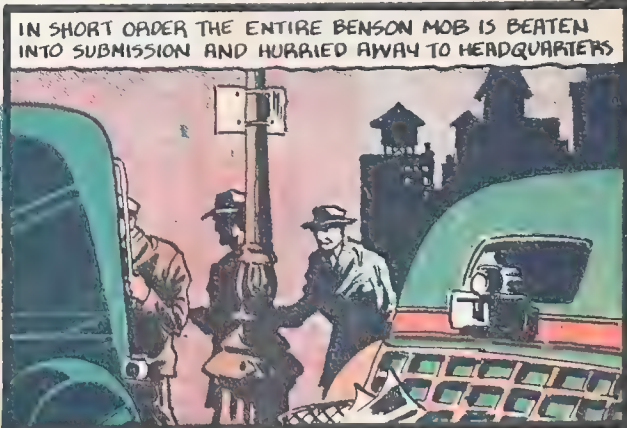
AT THAT MOMENT MORE
STONE CABS ARRIVE --
SOMEONE TAKES A SHOT
AT LARRY GRAZING HIS
ARM --



DAVIS CABS ARRIVE
MANNED BY PLAIN-
CLOTHES MEN, AND A
REGULAR STREET
FIGHT BEGINS --



IN SHORT ORDER THE ENTIRE BENSON MOB IS BEATEN
INTO SUBMISSION AND HURRIED AWAY TO HEADQUARTERS



MR STONE AND MR DAVIS,
NOW THAT YOU SEE THE
REAL CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE
I HOPE YOU CAN BE FRIENDLY
RIVALS FROM NOW ON --

SUITS ME --

THAT GOES
HERE TOO --



THOSE BIRDS OVERPLAYED
THEIR HAND, AND WHERE
THEY'RE GOING THEY
WON'T BOTHER ANYONE
FOR QUITE SOMETIME --



-- THE END --

The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

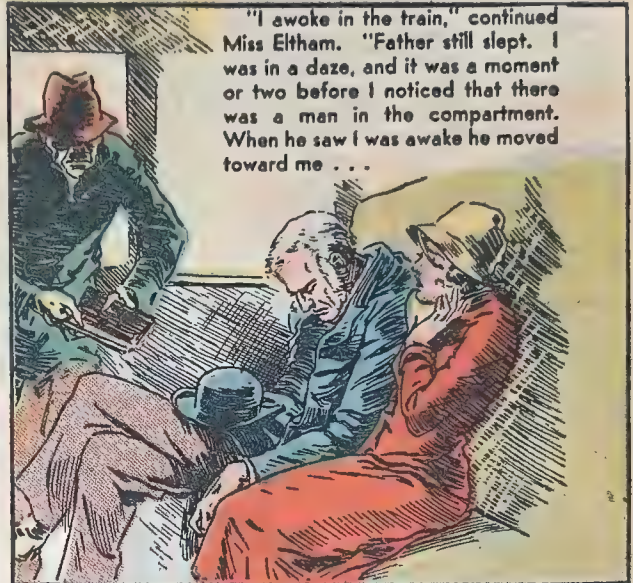
By
SAX ROHMER



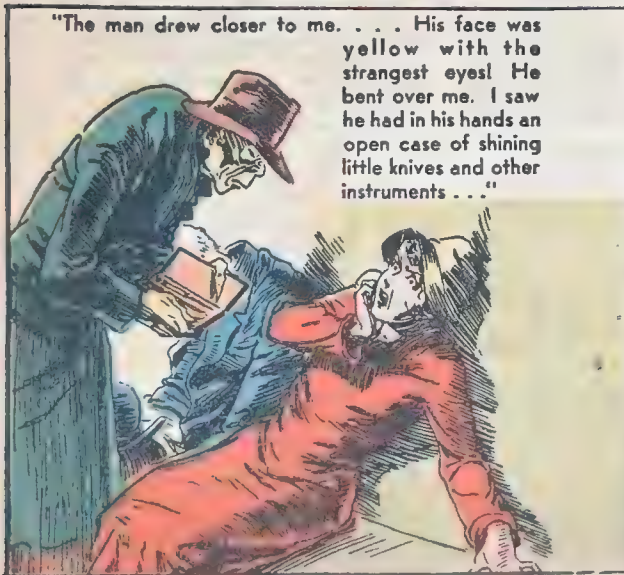
Greba Eltham told Nayland Smith about her adventure of the previous day on the train from London: "Father and I fell asleep in our compartment almost as soon as we entered the train. I thought it odd when father began to nod, and when I felt myself slipping into a doze I was frightened. But I could not keep awake . . ."



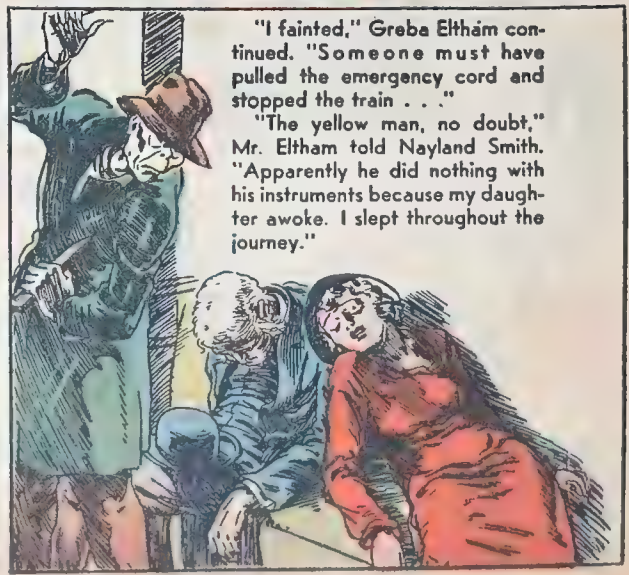
"It must have been the coffee we drank in the station," broke in Mr. Eltham. "We were drugged. I emptied my cup, but Greba barely touched hers, she told me afterward, because of the awful taste . . ."



"I awoke in the train," continued Miss Eltham. "Father still slept. I was in a daze, and it was a moment or two before I noticed that there was a man in the compartment. When he saw I was awake he moved toward me . . ."



"The man drew closer to me. . . . His face was yellow with the strangest eyes! He bent over me. I saw he had in his hands an open case of shining little knives and other instruments . . ."



"I fainted," Greba Eltham continued. "Someone must have pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train . . ."

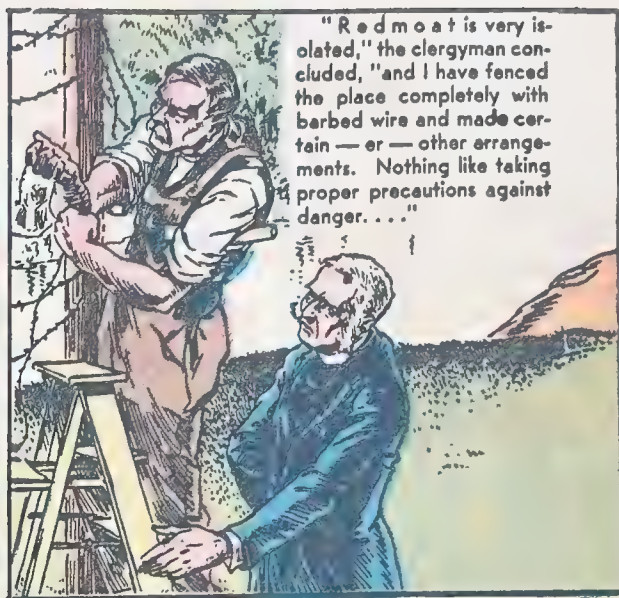
"The yellow man, no doubt," Mr. Eltham told Nayland Smith. "Apparently he did nothing with his instruments because my daughter awoke. I slept throughout the journey."



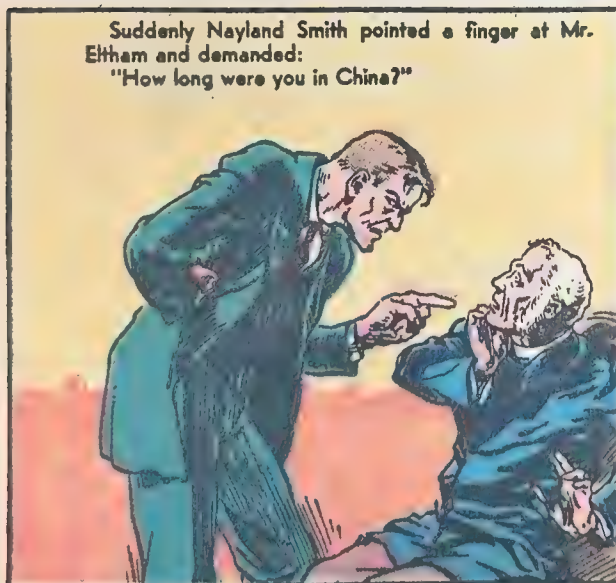
"As soon as I reached home I called up Scotland Yard. . . ."

"And very wisely, sir," interjected Smith.

"There had been a series of attempted burglaries here at Redmoat, and this train episode alarmed me further," Mr. Eltham explained nervously.

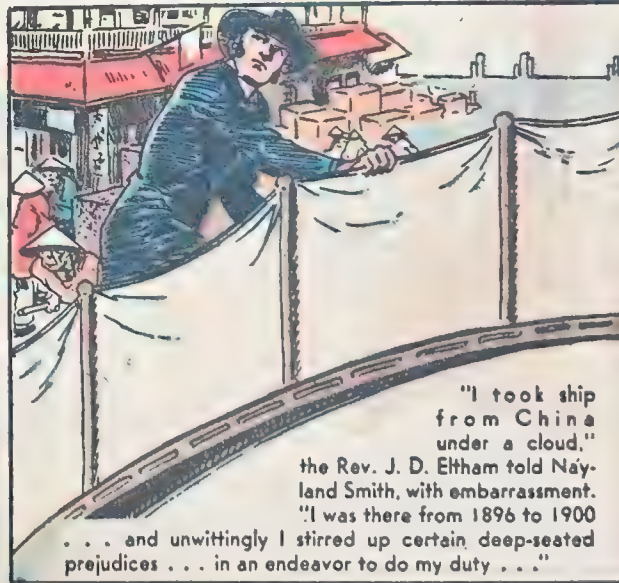


"Red moat is very isolated," the clergyman concluded, "and I have fenced the place completely with barbed wire and made certain — or — other arrangements. Nothing like taking proper precautions against danger. . . ."



Suddenly Nayland Smith pointed a finger at Mr. Eltham and demanded:

"How long were you in China?"



"I took ship from China under a cloud,"

the Rev. J. D. Eltham told Nayland Smith, with embarrassment.

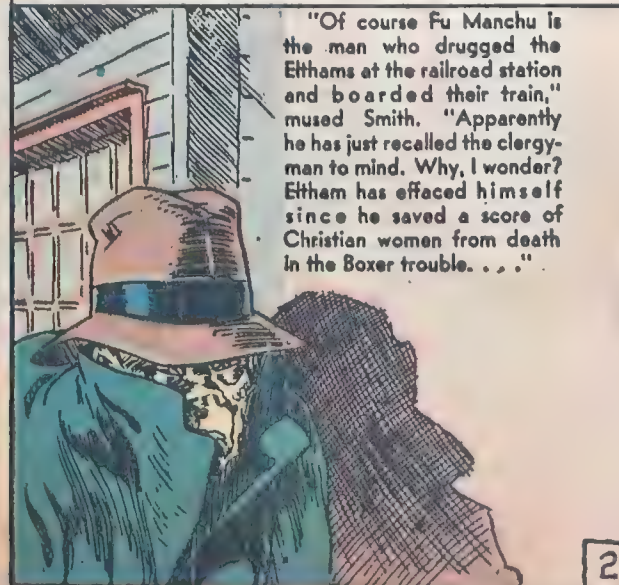
"I was there from 1896 to 1900

. . . and unwittingly I stirred up certain deep-seated prejudices . . . in an endeavor to do my duty . . ."



Eltham and his daughter left us then, and as the door closed, I asked Smith eagerly: "Who is our host?"

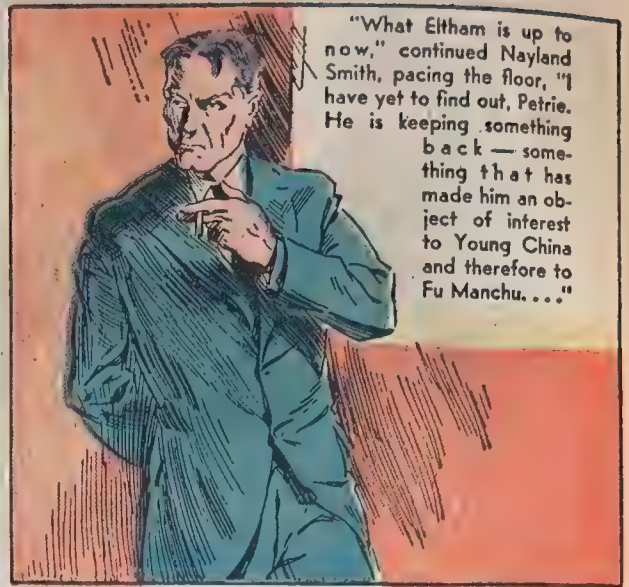
"Well," Smith replied, "the 'deep-seated prejudices' our reverend friend stirred up among the Chinese ended in the bloody Boxer Uprising!"



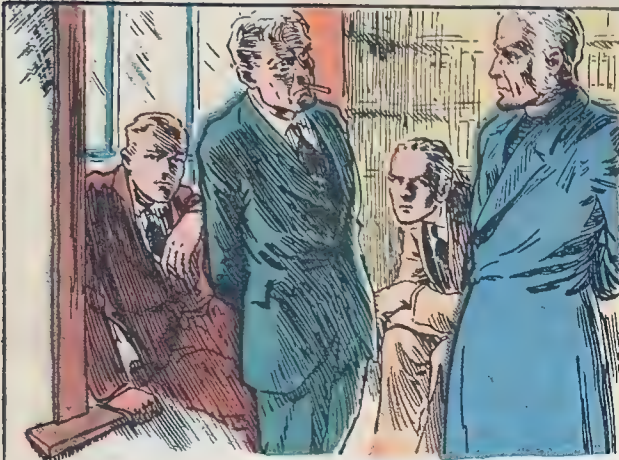
"Of course Fu Manchu is the man who drugged the Elthams at the railroad station and boarded their train," mused Smith. "Apparently he has just recalled the clergyman to mind. Why, I wonder? Eltham has effaced himself since he saved a score of Christian women from death in the Boxer trouble. . . ."



"J. D. Eltham . . ." I began, dimly remembering. "Is 'Parson Dan'," rapped Smith, "the 'Fighting Missionary', who with a garrison of a dozen cripples and a German doctor held the hospital at Nan Yana against two hundred Boxers!"



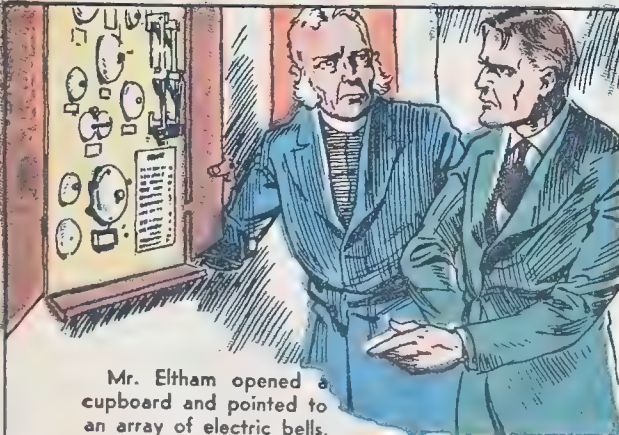
"What Eltham is up to now," continued Nayland Smith, pacing the floor, "I have yet to find out, Petrie. He is keeping something back — something that has made him an object of interest to Young China and therefore to Fu Manchu. . . ."



In the library after a very pleasant dinner, at which we were joined by Vernon Denby, Eltham's nephew, the clergyman stood upon the hearth rug and pronounced: "Redmoat has lately become the theater of strange doings."



"The only entrance to Redmoat," Mr. Eltham went on, "is the one you used to-night, through a cutting in the mound upon which the house stands, twenty feet above the road. A gate opens upon ancient steps, and there is another gate at the top. The entire place is surrounded by a twelve-foot fence of barbed wire."

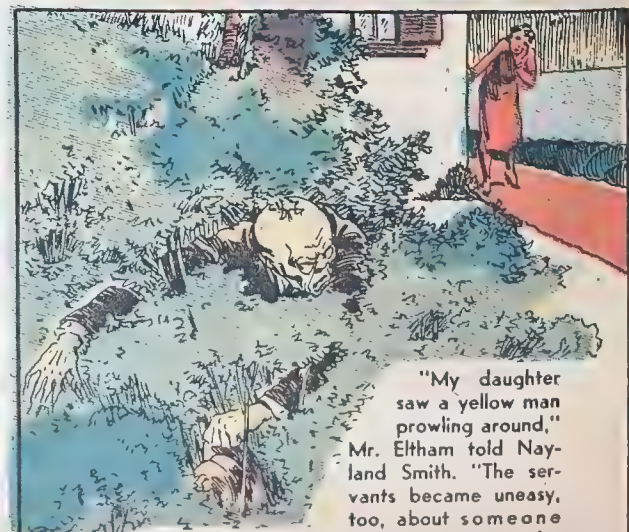


Mr. Eltham opened a cupboard and pointed to an array of electric bells.

"Here are my secret defenses, put in after our burglar scare of a year ago. An attempt to scale the wire or force the gates sets a bell ringing . . ."

Smith interrupted sharply:

"It wasn't the burglar's visit that caused these precautions! What was it?"



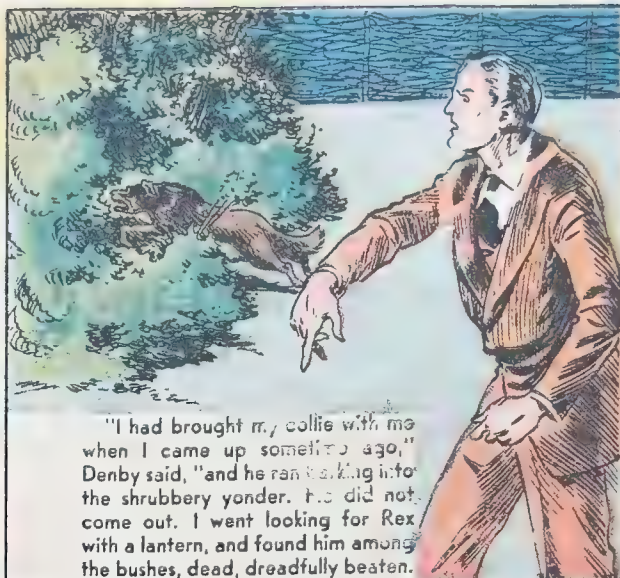
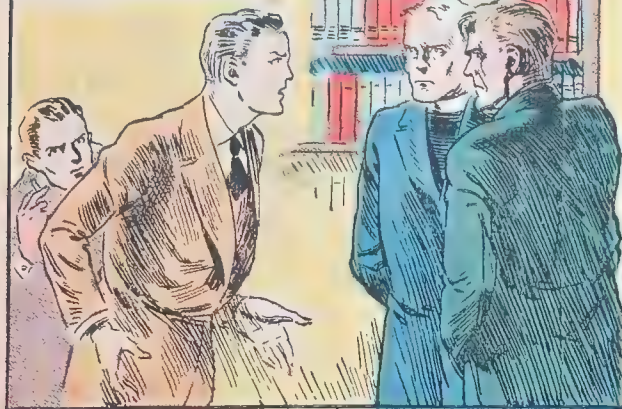
"My daughter saw a yellow man prowling around,"

Mr. Eltham told Nayland Smith. "The servants became uneasy, too, about someone

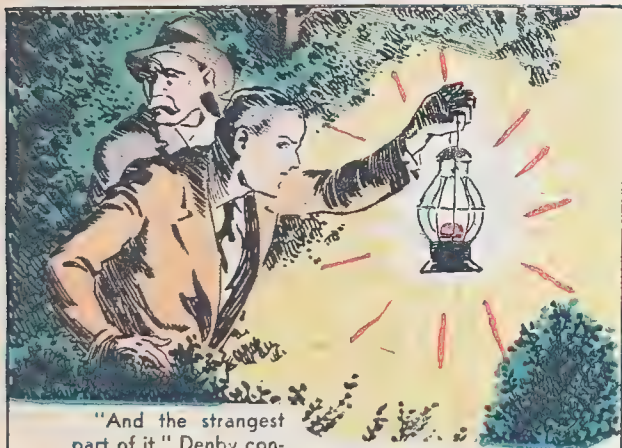
who came, they said, after dusk. But our defenses are impregnable . . ."

"You forget about my collie," interrupted Vernon Denby excitedly, as he left his window-seat and joined the group.

The clergyman's face clouded. "That certainly was disquieting," he confessed.



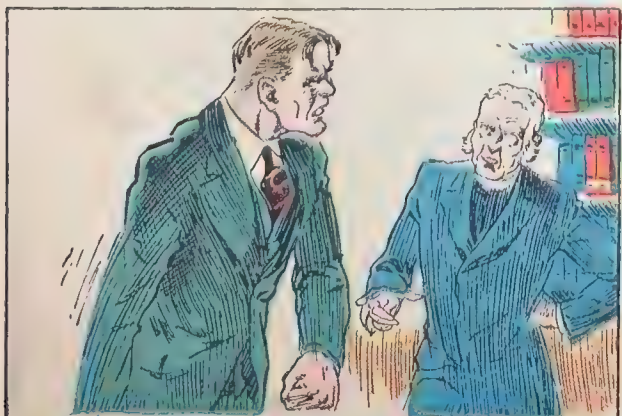
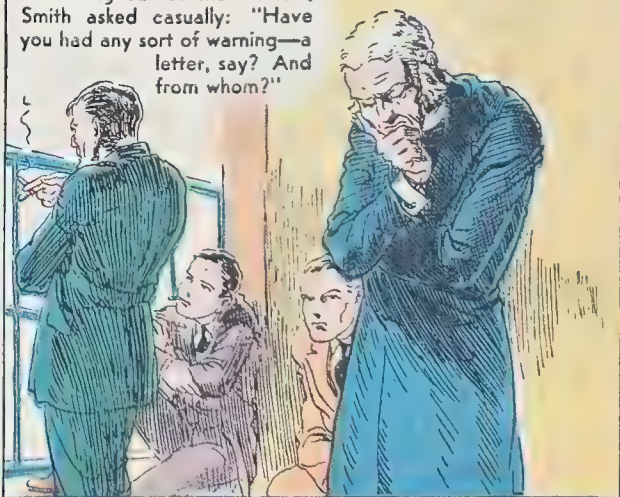
"I had brought my collie with me when I came up sometime ago," Denby said, "and he ran barking into the shrubbery yonder. He did not come out. I went looking for Rex with a lantern, and found him among the bushes, dead, dreadfully beaten.



"And the strangest part of it," Denby concluded, "was that I searched every corner. The gates were locked. No one could have got out of the grounds without a ladder and someone to help him. But there was no sign of a living thing to be found! Who killed Rex, then?"

The clergyman hesitated for a long time over Smith's next question.

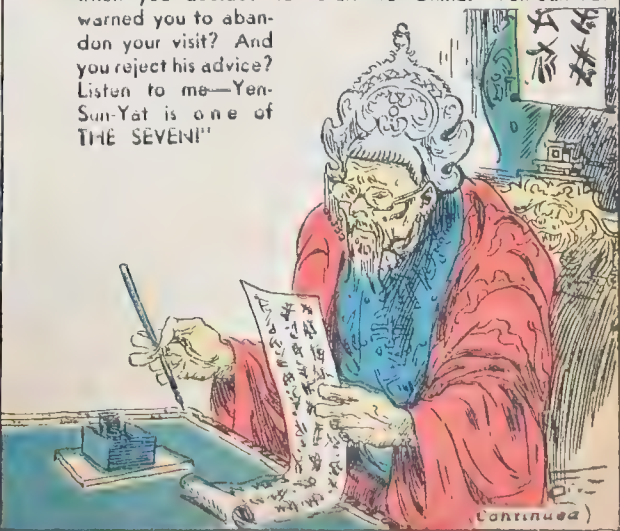
Looking out of the window, Smith asked casually: "Have you had any sort of warning—a letter, say? And from whom?"



When Mr. Eltham at last replied, Smith jumped around upon him as if moved by a spring.

"I—I feel sure of your hostile criticism," said Mr. Eltham "but I am contemplating an immediate return to China—to Nan Yang. My warning came from China—from my friend, the Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat.

"Now I see!" interrupted Smith. "Your troubles began when you decided to return to China. Yen-Sun-Yat warned you to abandon your visit? And you reject his advice? Listen to me—Yen-Sun-Yat is one of THE SEVEN!"



(Continued)

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British "New Reign" postage paper was largely responsible for making 1938 the fourth most productive year in postal history. By this time, of course, all major dominions and colonies have entered their contributions in this class of stamps, but there are still sufficient new issues coming through to give 1939's world output considerable boost.

Jamaica, "Queen of the Antilles", is the latest British colony to make its postal bow to King George VI. Fourteen values make up the new set featuring many scenes on the island, which is the largest and most important of the British West Indies.

The ½ pence green, 1p red and 1½p brown are portrait stamps, and each of the higher values bears a profile portrait of the king in the upper left, except for the 10 shilling value which has the portrait centered.

Briefly, the designs are as follows: 2 pence green and gray-black—Coco palms; 2½p ultramarine and green—Castleton; 3p green and blue—banana plantation; 4p dark green and brown—orange grove; 6p violet and brown—view on Priestman's River; 9p brown—Kingston Harbor; 1 shilling light green and red-brown—sugar plantation; 2sh ultramarine and dark brown—bamboo walk; 5sh ochre and blue—scene on island; 10sh dark green—coat of arms.

A description of Jamaica written by an eye-witness (which we regret to say we are not) reads like an account of Utopia. Scenery of unrivalled loveliness, delightful climate, exceptionally fine facilities for motoring, fruit so abundant that the merest exertion is sufficient to stave off hunger. Surely enough inducement to make one dash forthwith to the nearest tourist office and procure tickets for a Jamaican visit. A desire that will be greatly heightened when you see the new stamps—a thought that may not have been far from the designer's mind.

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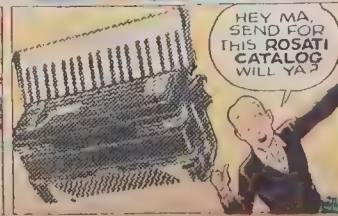
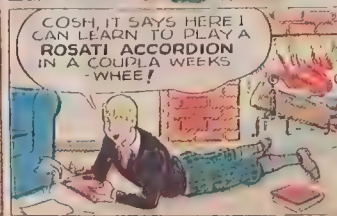
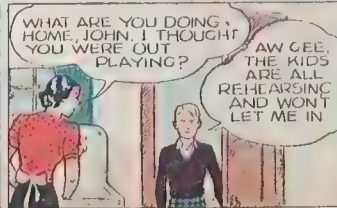
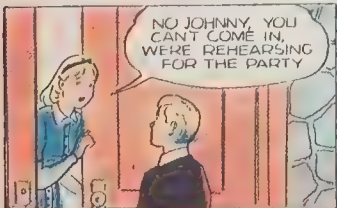
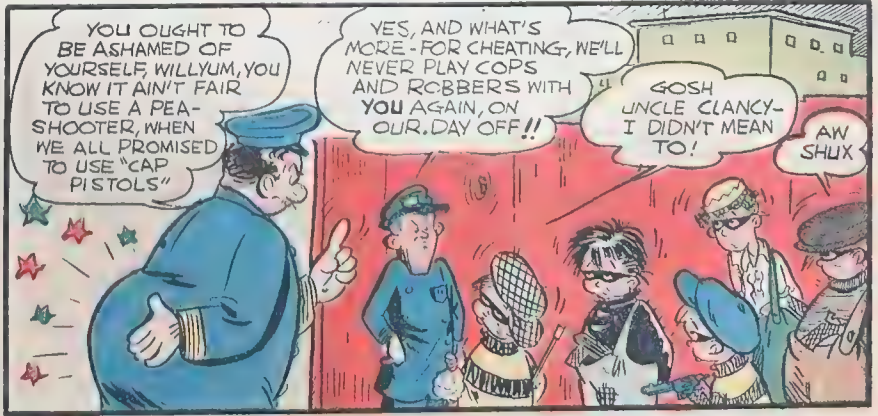
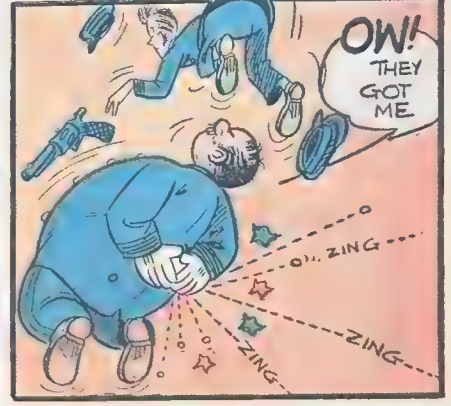
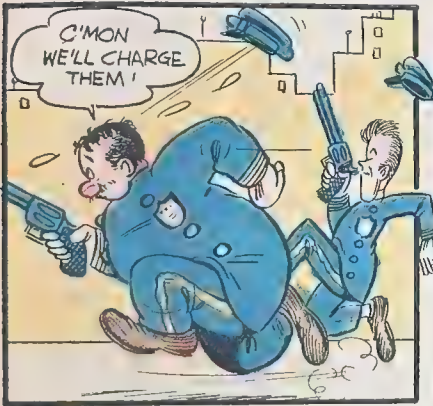
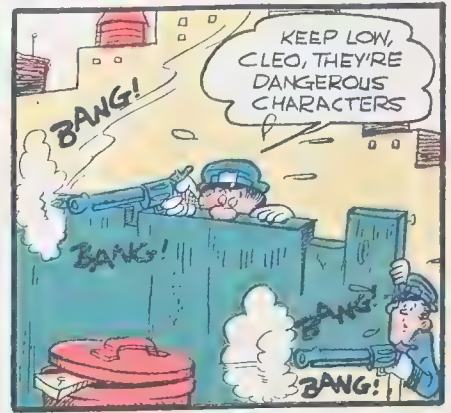
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Please send me the FREE ROSATI CATALOGUE.

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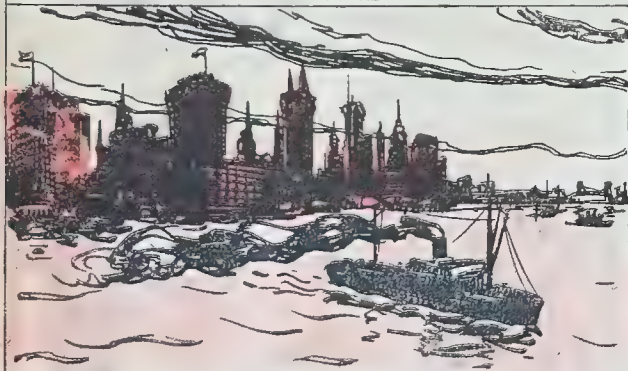
COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

THE FREIGHTER 'CORAL SEA' IS HEAVILY GUARDED AS AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE IN GOLD BARS IS BEING LOADED FOR A SECRET ORIENTAL DESTINATION.



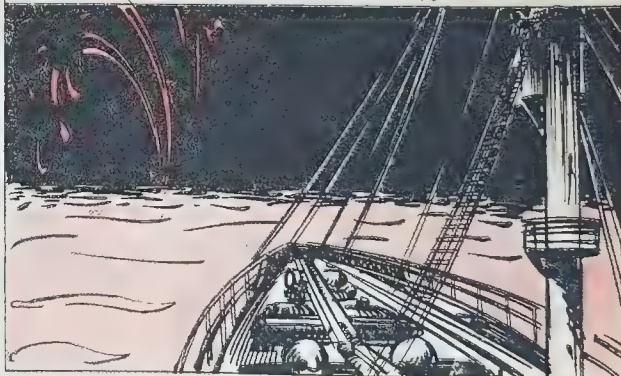
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT THE SHIP SLIPS OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR



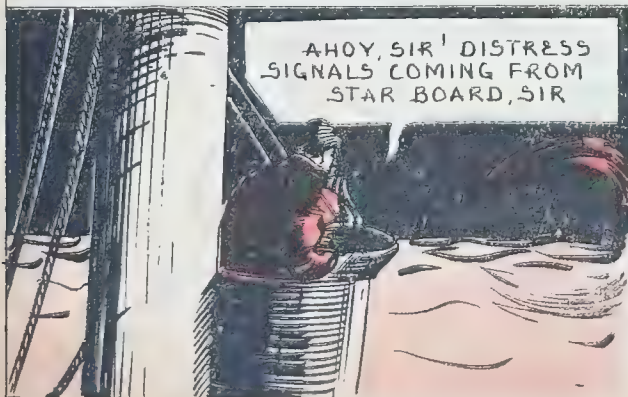
THE PASSENGERS BOOKED ARE CLOSELY CHECKED ON.



BEFORE DAYBREAK THE LOOKOUT ESPIES FLARE SIGNALS FAR ABEAM.



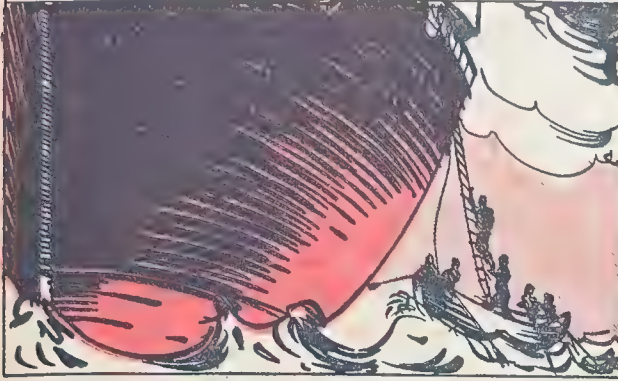
HE CALLS CAPTAIN ROBERTSON.



WHY, IT'S A STOWED IN YAWL WITH TWO MEN ON IT. STAND BY, HELMSMAN, FOR A PICKUP.



THE TWO MEN ARE QUICKLY TRANSFERRED TO THE WARM INTERIOR OF THE SHIP.



I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU SAFE.. BUT, WHAT HAPPENED? WERE THERE ANY OTHERS?



WE WERE MAKING OBSERVATIONS ON MARINE FAUNA WHEN, IN SOME STRANGE MANNER OUR RUDDER CAME OFF. WE FLAUN- DERED ABOUT FOR A FEW HOURS WHEN SUDDENLY IN THE DARKNESS A HUGE FORM LOOMED UP ON US --



WE ARE BOUND FOR SINGAPORE AND I'M AFRAID YOU WILL HAVE TO REMAIN WITH US UNTIL THERE. I SHALL RADIO NEW YORK OF YOUR RESCUE.



THANK YOU, SIR, PERHAPS THE VOYAGE WILL BE MOST BENEFICIAL TO US.

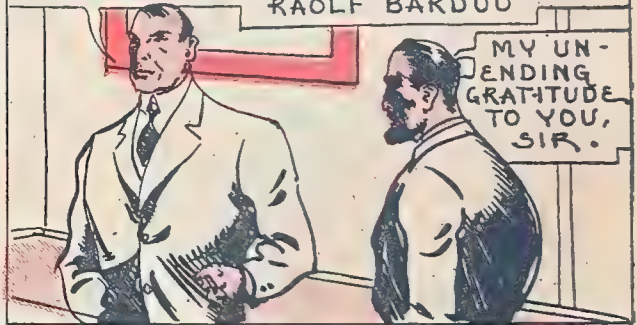
WE SHALL ENJOY IT, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON ASKS TO SEE YOU IN HIS CABIN, GEMMEN



VERY WELL, WE'LL BE RIGHT IN.

WE ARE GREATLY INDEBTED TO YOU CAPTAIN ROBERTSON - FORTUNATELY THERE WERE NO OTHERS - I AM DOCTOR MARSTON - THIS IS MY COLLEAGUE, RAOLF BARDOU



MY UN- ENDING GRATITUDE TO YOU, SIR.

BEFORE WE COULD RAISE. A WARNING THE PROW OF THE BIG SHIP CRASHED THRU OUR CRAFT LIKE A CRATE AND CON- TINUED ON, EVIDENTLY UNAWARE OF THE MISHAP.



THAT NIGHT TWO FIGURES MOVE STEAL- THILY ABOUT THE SHIP.

EASY NOW, DAN, ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND WE'LL BE THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD

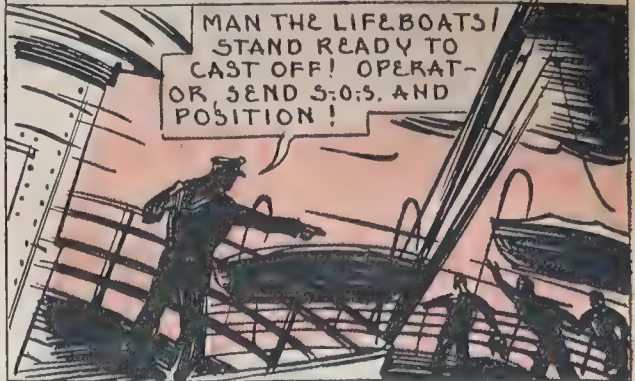


A FINE TRIP FOR OUR HEALTH, EH?

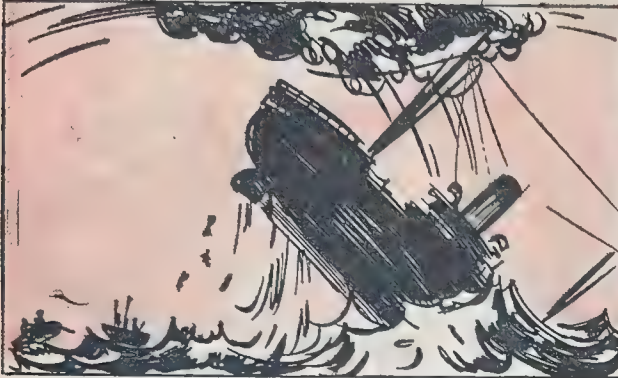
A LITTLE LATER A DEAFENING ROAR
THROWS THE SHIP HIGH ON ITS BEAM END



WILD CONFUSION FOLLOWS - THE CAP-
TAIN BARKS ORDERS TO HIS MEN.



SWIFTLY THE GREAT BULK CARRIERS,
THEN DIVES BELOW THE WAVES -



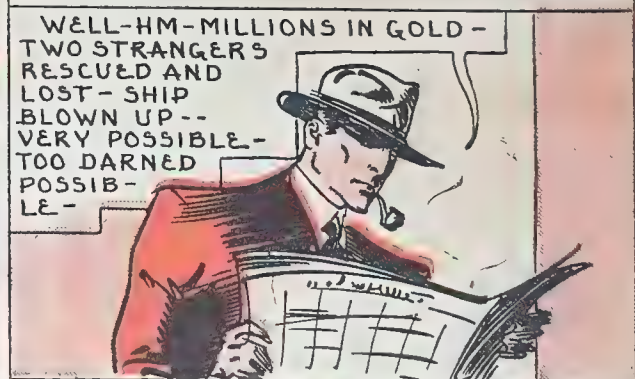
BUT RACING FROM THE SCENE A POWER-
ED LIFE BOAT CUTS FOR SHORE. IN IT ARE
TWO MEN AND THE CARGO OF GOLD.



HEADLINES, RADIOS, TELEGRAPHS FLASH
THE DISASTER AND RESCUE.



COSMO READS THE NEWS WITH GREAT
INTEREST.



NEXT MORNING COSMO CALLS ON THE
PRESIDENT OF THE EASTERN BANKS, LTD.

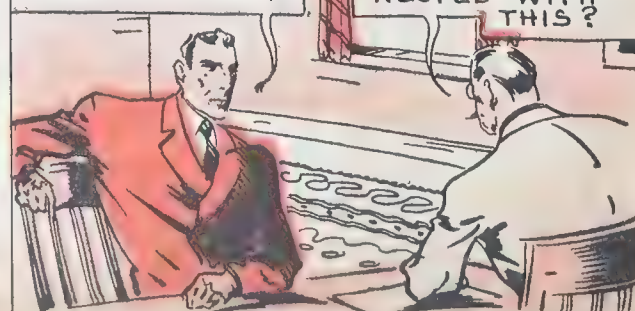
MISTER CLYDE
WOULD IT INTER-
EST YOU TO RE-
COVER THE LOST
GOLD?

WHAT! 30 MILLIONS?
WHOEVER CAN RAISE
THE SUNKEN GOLD
WILL BE MADE INDE-
PENDENT FOR LIFE.

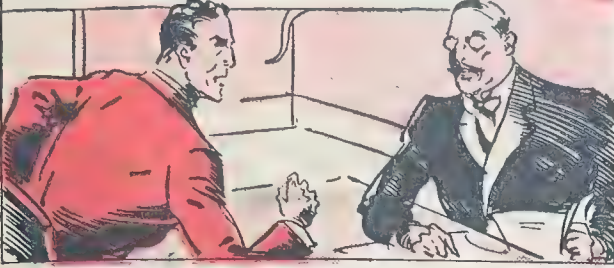


I DON'T KNOW--
BUT IT MAY NOT
HAVE TO BE
SCRAPED FROM
THE SEA BOTTOM

WHY? WHAT
DO YOU MEAN?
ARE YOU CON-
NECTED WITH
THIS?



HA! HA! MY DEAR CLYDE,
WE'VE GOT 130 MILLION PERSONS
IN THIS COUNTRY TO SUSPECT.
IN THE MEANTIME I'LL TRY TO
FIND JUST ONE - I'LL SEE YOU
AGAIN IF ANYTHING HAPPENS

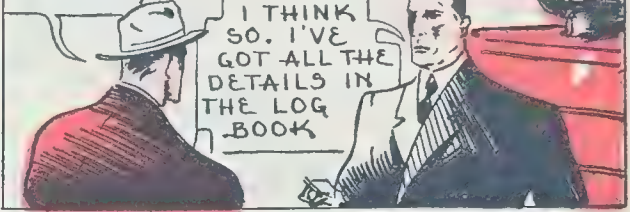


COSMO CALLS ON CAPTAIN ROBERTSON
OF THE ILL-FATED 'CORAL SEA'.

-YES, I CAUGHT THE NAME
ON THE WRECKED YACHT WITH
OUR SEARCH LIGHT AS CORSAIR
II.

AND THE TWO MEN,
CAN YOU DESCRIBE
THEM?

I THINK
SO. I'VE
GOT ALL THE
DETAILS IN
THE LOG
BOOK



WITH ROBERTSON'S INFORMATION
COSMO CONTACTS THE VARIOUS YACHT
CLUBS.

I BELIEVE DAN REYNOLDS
IS THE MAN YOU WANT -
HE'S THE OWNER OF CORSAIR II

THANK YOU,
I'LL LOOK
HIM UP.



AT 867-53RD ST. A ROUGH LOOKING
SEAMAN IS WATCHING THE ENTRANCE
DOOR.



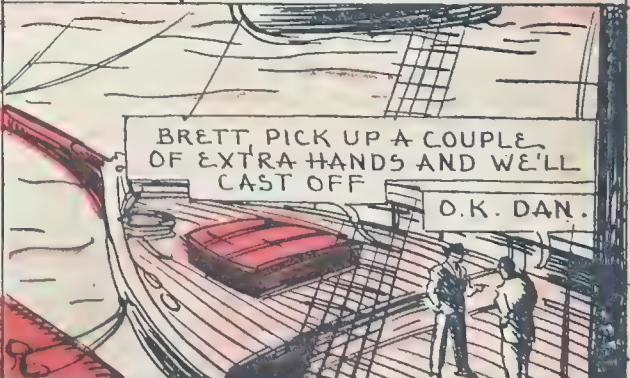
IN A WHILE A MAN EMERGES AND
WALKS RAPIDLY TOWARD EAST RIVER -
THE SAILOR FOLLOWS HIM.



THE STRANGER BOARDS A FISHING -
SCHOONER.

BRETT, PICK UP A COUPLE
OF EXTRA HANDS AND WE'LL
CAST OFF

O.K. DAN.



BRETT, THE SKIPPER, ENGAGES THE
SAILOR, LOITERING ABOUT:

HEY, FELLOWS! I NEED A COUPLE
SAILORS, WANT THE JOB?
GOOD PAY, BUT NO
QUESTIONS, SEE?

SURE,
I'LL TAKE
IT



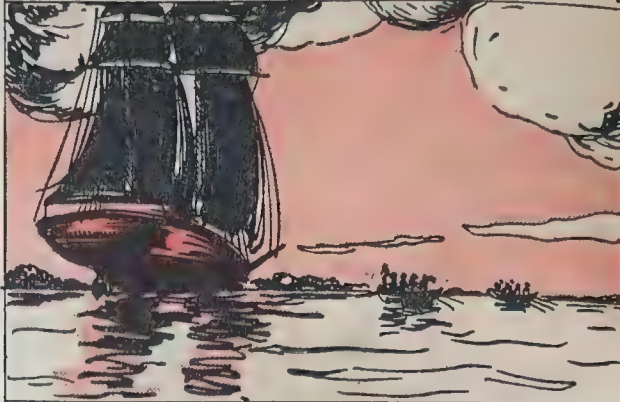
WITH A FEW MORE MEN PICKED UP
THE BOAT PULLS OUT.



TOWARD EVENING THE BOAT APPROACHES A DENSELY WOODED SECTION OF LONG ISLAND.



TWO SMALL BOATS SET OUT FOR SHORE.

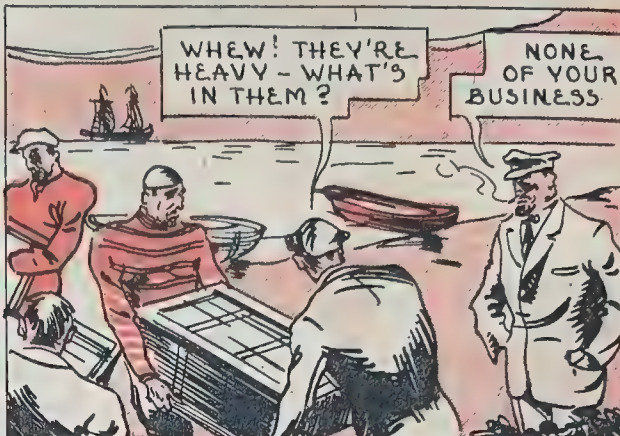


ALRIGHT, STEP ON IT AND GET THESE CASES ABOARD.



WHEW! THEY'RE HEAVY - WHAT'S IN THEM?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS



NOW MEN, WE'RE BOUND FOR THE ORIENT. STICK WITH US AND YOU'LL MAKE A SMALL FORTUNE EACH WHEN WE GET THERE -



THE ROUGH LOOKING SAILOR IS COSMO, DISGUISED.

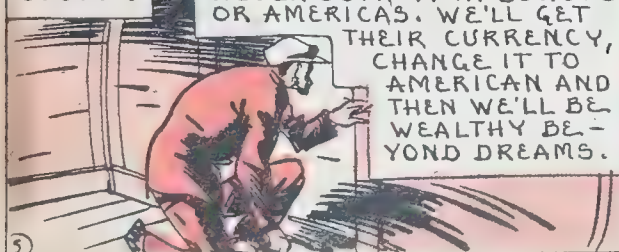
WELL, THESE ARE THE BIRDS, ALRIGHT - NOW THO, HOW BEST TO GET THEM IN?



CAUTIOUSLY HE CREEPS UP TO THE MAIN CABIN AND LISTENS -

BUT DAN, HOW'LL WE GET RID OF THIS HOT STUFF?

BAH! BRETT! THE ORIENTALS WON'T BOTHER WITH QUESTIONS WHERE WE GOT THE GOLD. WE COULD NEVER DUMP IT IN EUROPE OR AMERICAS. WE'LL GET THEIR CURRENCY, CHANGE IT TO AMERICAN AND THEN WE'LL BE WEALTHY BEYOND DREAMS.



SUDDENLY THE BOAT LURCHES AND COSMO FALLS AGAINST THE DOOR.

HEY! - WHAT THE--?

WHY!!?



REYNOLD GOES FOR HIS GUN AS BRETT SWINGS ON COSMO.



COSMO DUCKS AND THROWS BRETT IN FRONT OF HIM FOR A SHIELD.



AS REYNOLD JUMPS FOR HIM COSMO KICKS OVER THE LANTERN.



A GRIM BATTLE ENSUES.

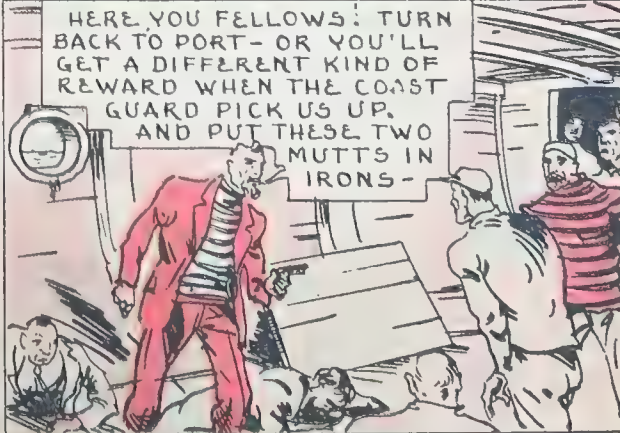


THE DIN OF BATTLE AND GUN PLAY BRINGS THE CREW ON THE RUN.

HEY, GUYS! THERE'S A BIG SCRAP DOWN BELOW - C'MON!



HERE, YOU FELLOWS! TURN BACK TO PORT - OR YOU'LL GET A DIFFERENT KIND OF REWARD WHEN THE COAST GUARD PICK US UP. AND PUT THESE TWO MUTTS IN IRONS -



ASHORE COSMO SUMMONS THE HARBOR POLICE.

CAPTAIN FLYNN, THESE TWO FELLOWS SOMEHOW GOT WIND OF THIS GOLD SHIPMENT AND HATCHED UP A SMART SCHEME TO HIGHJACK IT BY FAKING A SHIP-WRECK AND ALL THAT.

OH, YES, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO PIN SOMETHING ON THESE BIRDS FOR A LONG TIME.

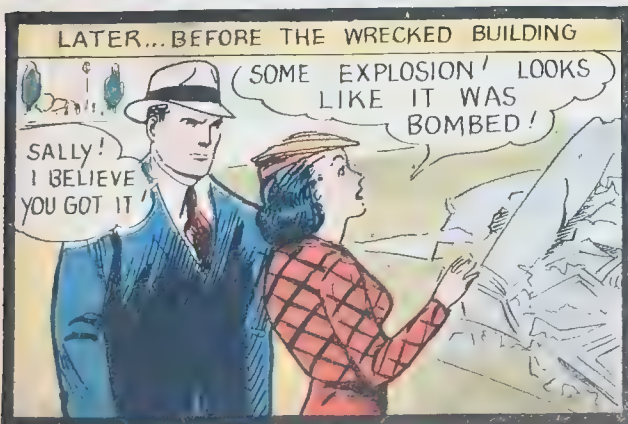
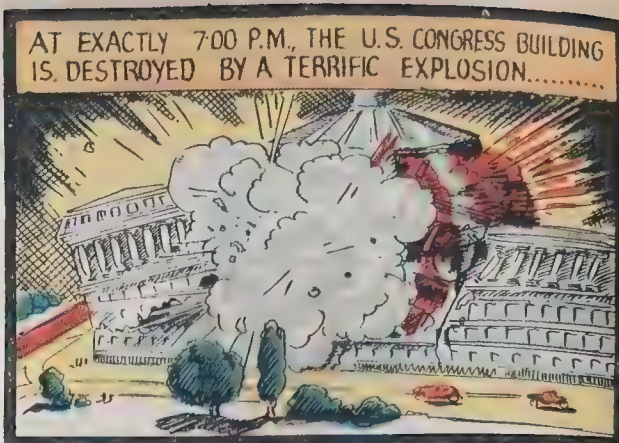


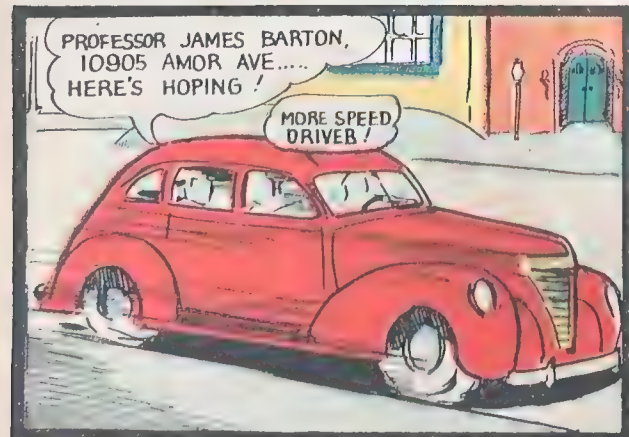
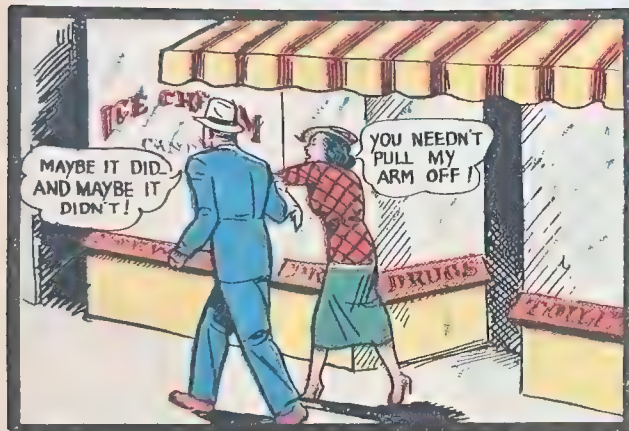
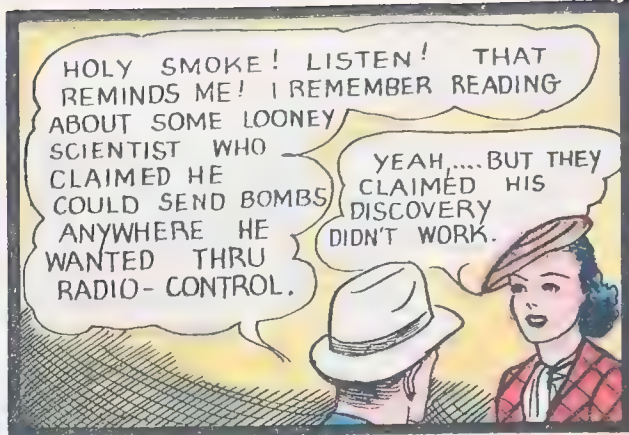
COSMO CALLS ON BANKER CLYDE.

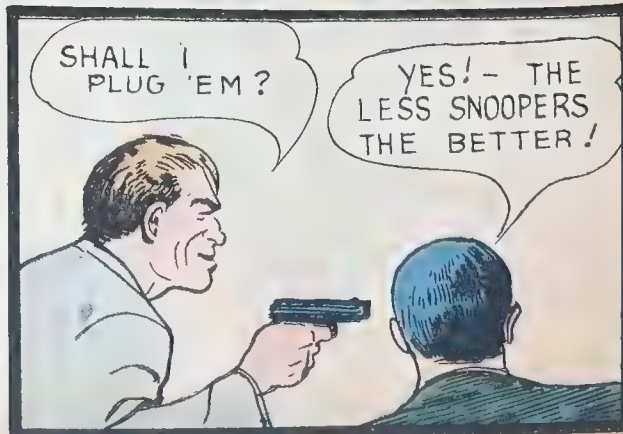
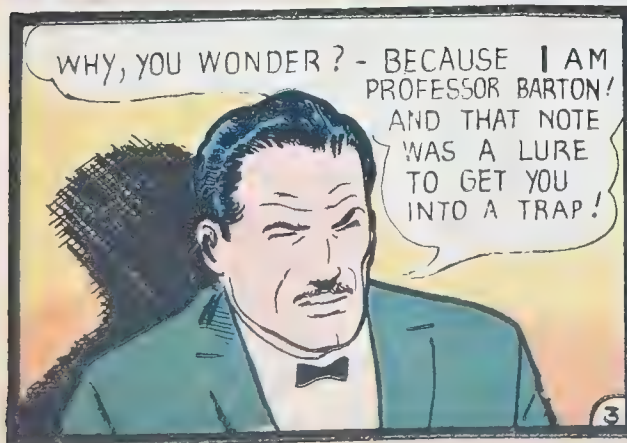
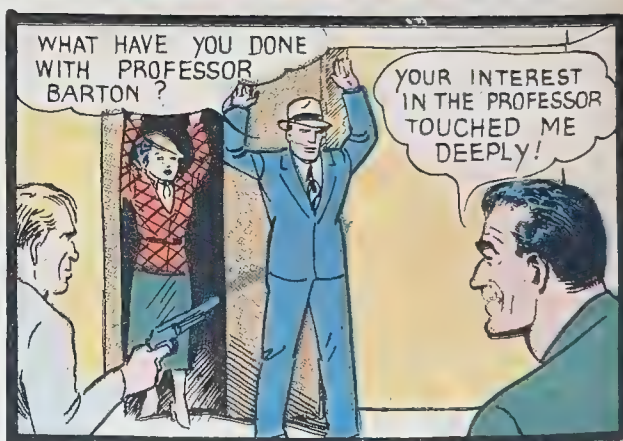
WELL, CLYDE, WHAT SAY ABOUT THAT WILD OFFER OF INDEPENDENCE FOR LIFE, NOW?

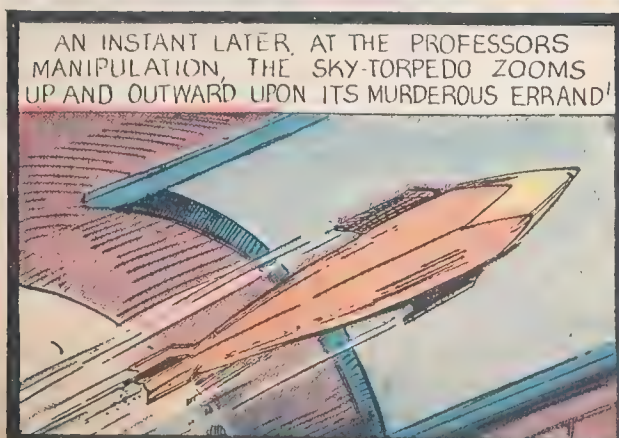
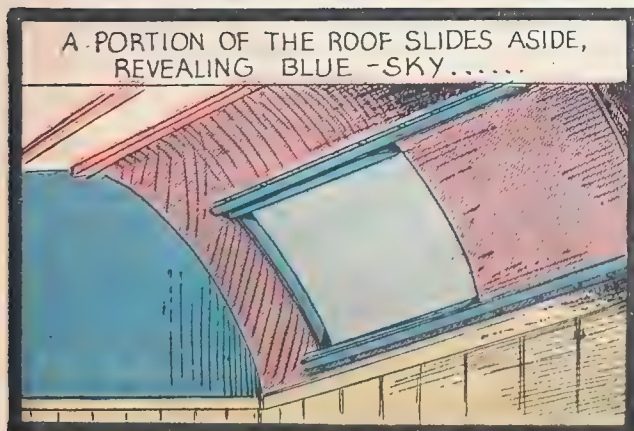
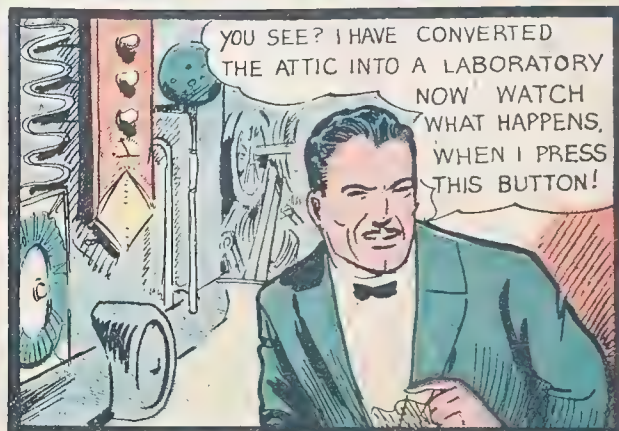
HA! HA! COSMO MY FRIEND, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO REWARD YOU EVEN BEYOND IT, EH?

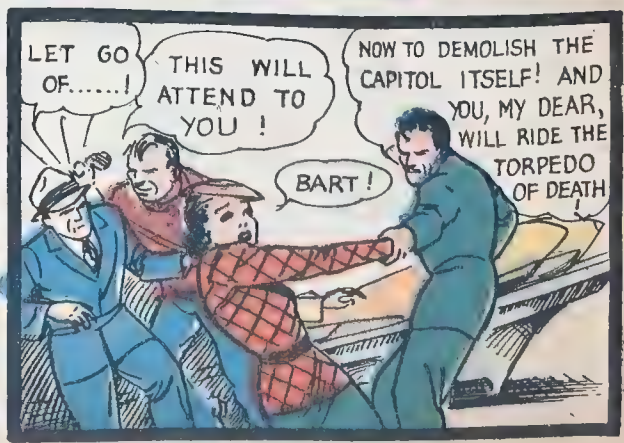
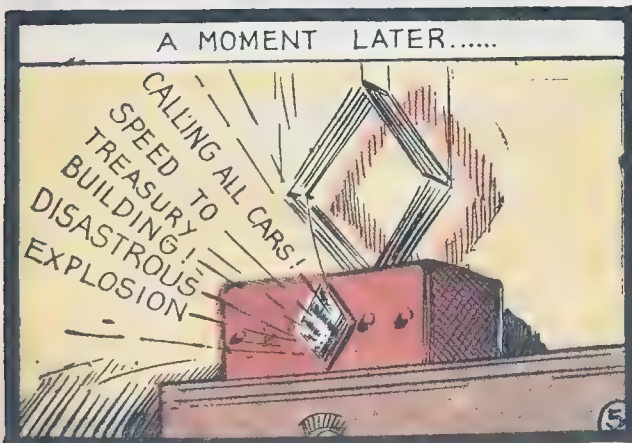
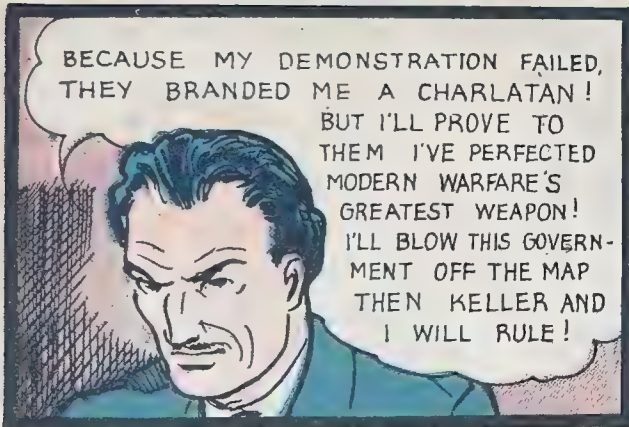
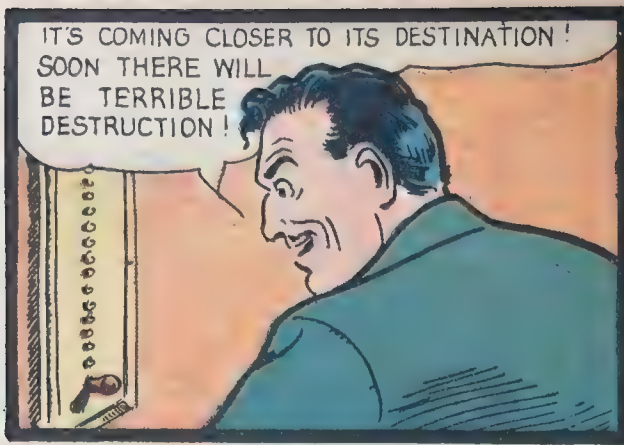


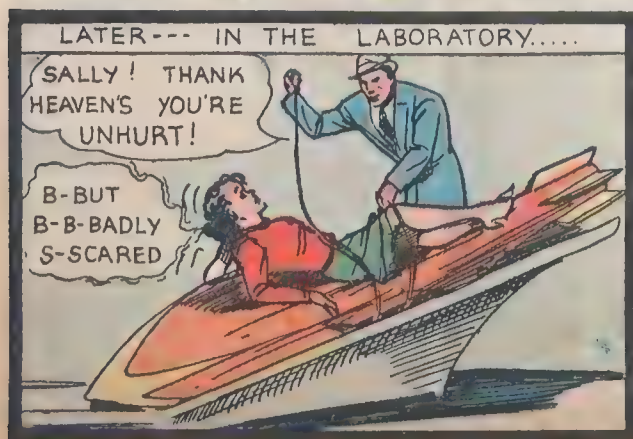
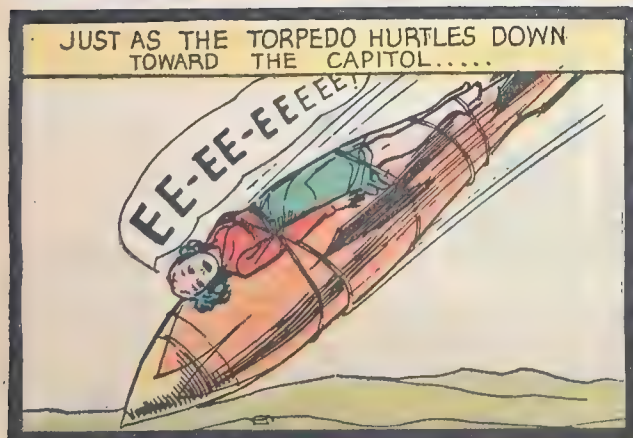
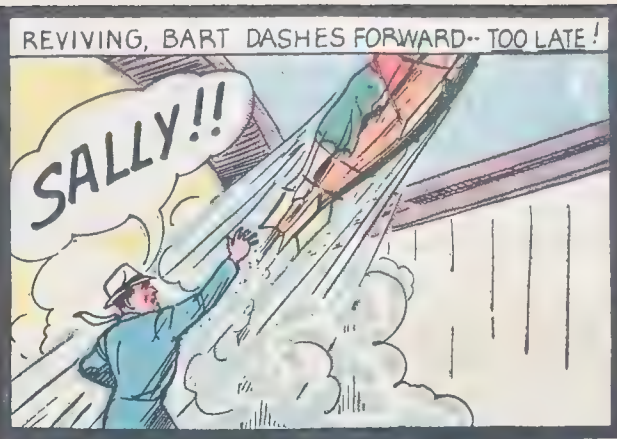
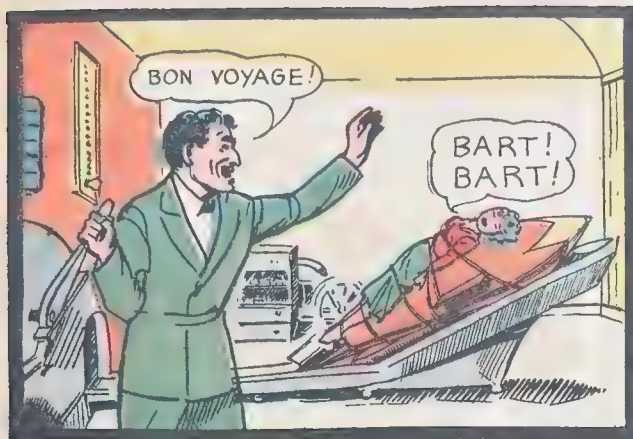












SPEED SAUNDERS

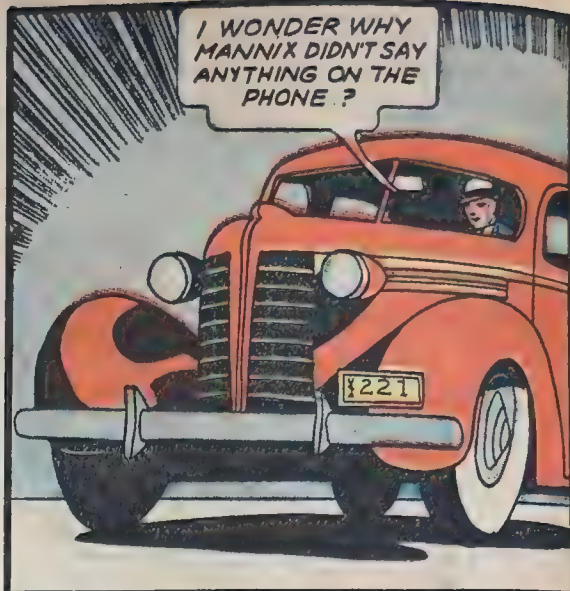
ACE INVESTIGATOR

AND THE

BASKETBALL MYSTERY

BY FRED GUARDINEER

SPEED HAS BEEN CALLED ON THE PHONE BY MANNIX, MANAGER OF THE FAMOUS ROYALS BASKETBALL TEAM. MANNIX IS VERY MYSTERIOUS AND TELLS SPEED TO COME TO THE ARENA RIGHT AWAY. SPEED LEAVES HIS HOTEL AND...



AS SPEED STOPS FOR A RED LIGHT A PLUG-UGLY THREATENS HIM...

KEEP OUTA THIS, SAUNDERS!



LATER-AT MANNIX'S OFFICE

SAUNDERS, WHAT HAPPENED? LET ME TAPE THAT NASTY CUT!

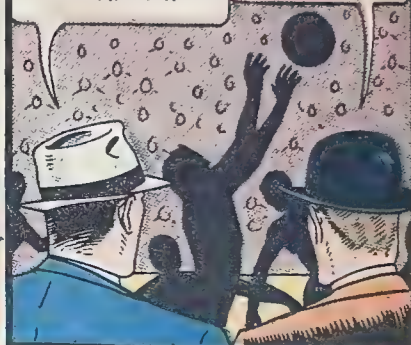
SOMEONE'S WORRIED ABOUT MY INTEREST IN BASKETBALL... LET'S WATCH THE GAME - AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT.



THE ROYALS ARE PRACTISING FOR THEIR GAME WITH THE TIGERS...

SO YOU THINK ONE OF YOUR REGULAR FORWARDS WAS BOUGHT OFF, MR MANNIX?

YES, EITHER JOHNSON OR MULLER. WATCH AND SEE!



THE GAME GETS UNDERWAY -

AND WHO IS BEHIND THIS, MANNIX?

I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S FARO FLEMING, THE BIG GAMBLER LOOK, THERE HE IS NOW!



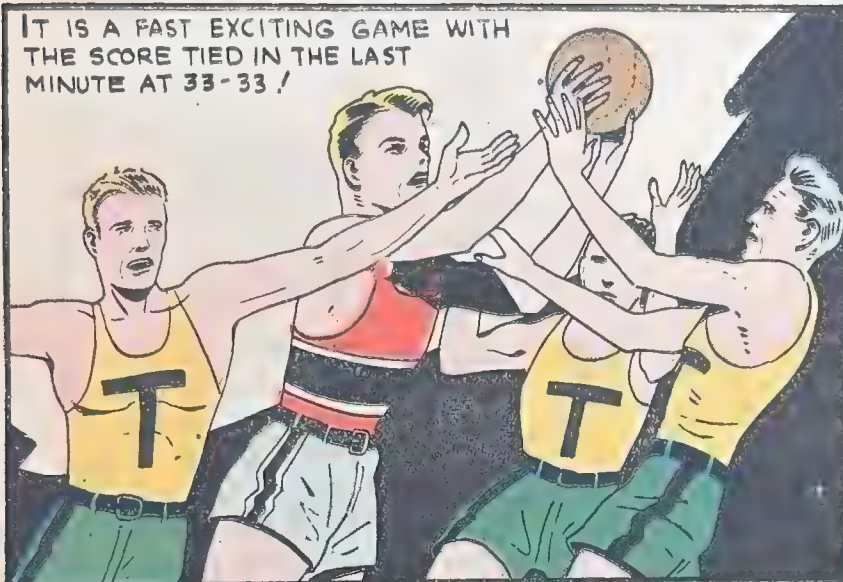
FARO FLEMING COOLY WATCHES THE GAME...



THE CROWD IS IN AN UPROAR AS THE TEAMS BATTLE FURIOUSLY....



IT IS A FAST EXCITING GAME WITH THE SCORE TIED IN THE LAST MINUTE AT 33-33!



JOHNSON AND MULLER ARE FREE! JOHNSON PASSES - MULLER MISSES!



THE TIGERS TAKE THE BALL, PASS SWIFTLY DOWN THE COURT AND SCORE - THE WHISTLE BLOWS! FINAL SCORE: TIGERS 40, ROYALS 38!



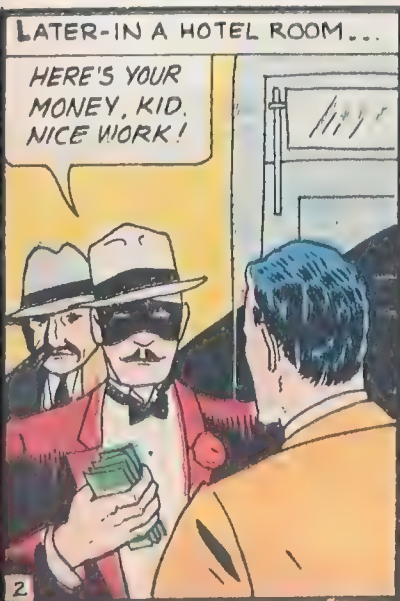
DID YOU SEE THOSE TWO ON THAT LAST PASS? I'LL HAVE THEM BOTH SUSPENDED -

NO. I'VE GOT AN IDEA. YOU KNOW I PLAYED BASKET BALL AT COLLEGE. LISTEN...



LATER-IN A HOTEL ROOM...

HERE'S YOUR MONEY, KID. NICE WORK!



... AND KEEP YOUR SECRETARY, SMITH, IN THE DARK. I THINK HE TIPPED OFF THAT THUG WHO SLUGGED ME...

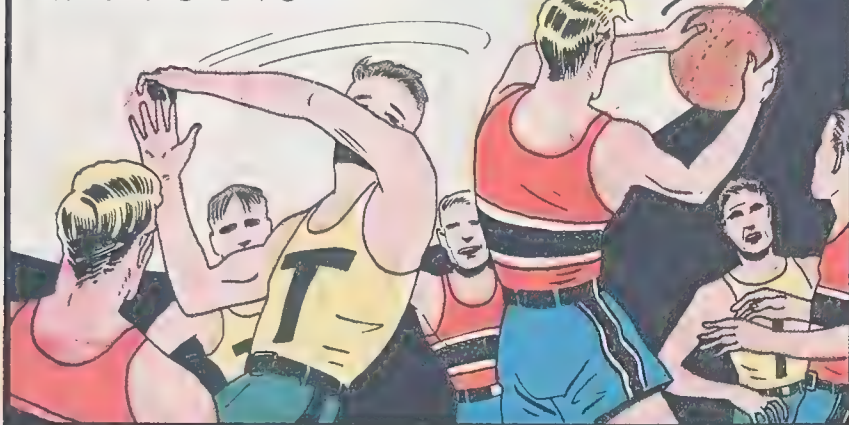
OKAY, SPEED. IT'S YOUR PARTY!



IN THE NEXT MORNING'S PAPER

TH OR HALF ZBYSZKO IN TITLE
OR
T
BASKETBALL NEWS
MANNIX BRINGS UP
A NEW ROOKIE PLAYER,
SPEED RALGEN IN AN
EFFORT TO WIN DECID-
ING GAME WITH TIGERS
K.O.'S FEATURE BATTLE
AT 'HIP'
THE FEATURED BOUT
FOUGHT TOGETHER JOE
OTZ AND DYNAMITE
ANGELO OF BROOKLYN
RECORD 19 STRAIGHT
FOR TWO YEARS
IZZY SCHMIDT
WITH
TH
PL
THE
HES
TITL
FIRE
HAD F
CHANC
TO CHEE
WELTER
OUTPOINT
JOE

WITH 30 SECONDS TO GO IN THE SECOND MEETING OF THE ROYALS AND TIGERS THE FANS WITNESS A TERRIFIC WILD AND WOOLY BATTLE- RALGEN, THE ROOKIE HAS PLAYED A GREAT GAME !



JOHNSON AND RALGEN ARE FREE - JOHNSON PASSES - IT IS WILD !

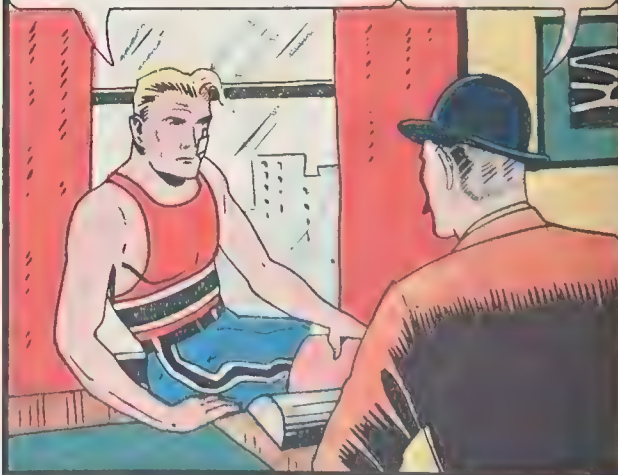


BUT RALGEN MAKES A LIGHTNING ONE-HAND STOP AND TOSS- THE BALL FLIES THROUGH ! THE ROYALS WIN !



YES MANNIX. IT WAS JOHNSON. HE PASSED WILDLY, MAKING THE REST OF THE TEAM LOOK BAD.

I SEE ! AND HOW ABOUT FARO FLEMING ?



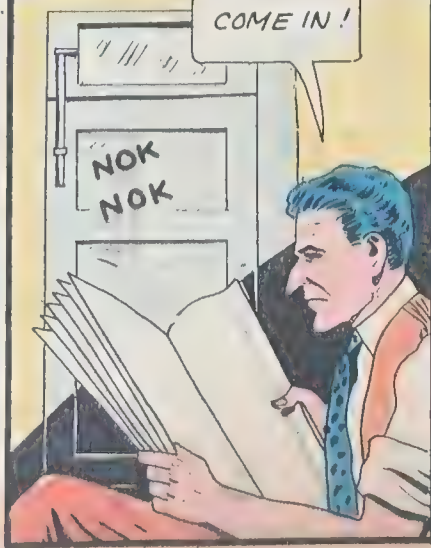
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM TONIGHT

GOOD LUCK, SPEED...



LATER- IN JOHNSON'S ROOM

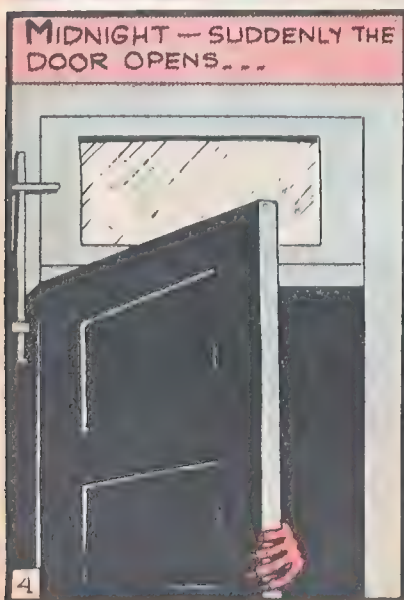
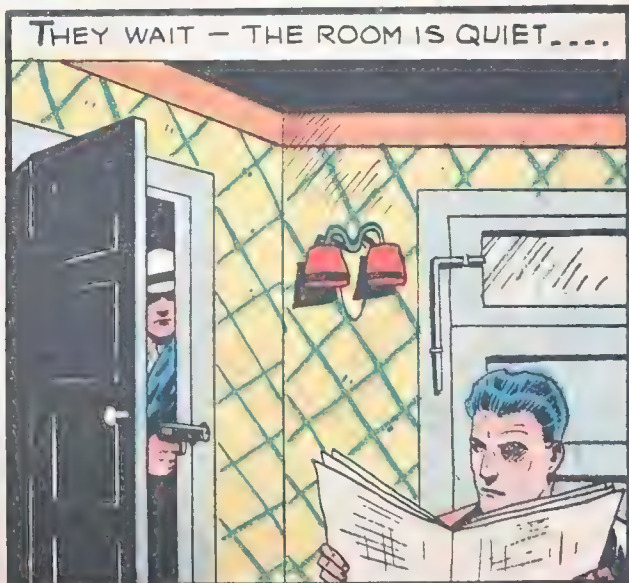
COME IN !



WHO ARE YOU ?

SPEED SAUNDERS. IS THE NAME. I THINK I'LL WAIT FOR FARO FLEMING TONIGHT !







WHAT HAPPENED
TONIGHT,
JOHNSON ?

IT
WASN'T
MY FAULT
CHIEF....



DON'T STALL
WHAT
HAPPENED ?

IT WAS RALGEN,
THE ROOKIE, HE
QUEERED THE
WORKS...



YOU KNOW I LOST A PILE
OF MONEY ON TONIGHT'S
GAME, DON'T
YOU ?

I'M
SORRY, CHIEF !



YOU'RE READY FOR THE PAY-
OFF, AREN'T YOU ? YOU
LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER -



LET HIM
HAVE IT,
PUGS !



NO ! GIVE ME
A BREAK,
CHIEF !



IT'S A PLEASURE,
BOSS !



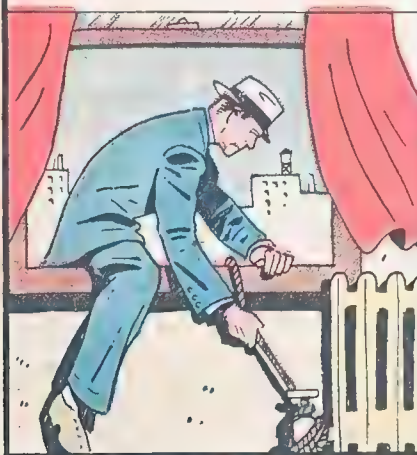
HOLD IT,
BOYS !

WHO
THE -

SPEED KNOCKS PUGS OUT, BUT FARO RUNS OUT THE ROOM -



PREPARED FOR THIS SITUATION SPEED TIES A ROPE TO THE RADIATOR AND DESCENDS OUT OF THE WINDOW - -



MEANWHILE FARO HAS GONE DOWN TO THE MAIN FLOOR AND IS CALMLY LEAVING THE HOTEL - MINUS HIS MASK!



BUT FARO IS FOILED BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE AS THE EVER-ALERT DETECTIVE POUNCES ON HIS PREY - - -



SPEED'S BONE-SHATTERING RIGHT PUTS FARO FLEMING IN THE LAND OF DREAMY DREAMS!



TAKE HIM, OFFICER - MR. MANNIX WILL CHARGE HIM LATER. JOHNSON AND THE GUNMAN ARE UPSTAIRS...



YES, MR. MANNIX, IT WAS FARO - AND SMITH, YOUR SECRETARY, WAS HIS INSIDE MAN!

QUICK WORK SPEED - AND THANKS A LOT!



-THE END-

AT LAST, SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT IN COMIC MAGAZINES for the BOYS and GIRLS of AMERICA!



Here Are Miniature Reproductions of the April Issues of These Great New Comic Magazines



FUN
•
ACTION
•
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•
ADVENTURE

FUN
•
THRILLS
•
MYSTERY
•
ADVENTURE

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AT YOUR NEWS DEALER!

A COMPLETE MOVIE SHOW FOR TEN CENTS!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

with
BASIL RATHBONE
BORIS KARLOFF
BELA LUGOSI

GUNGA DIN

with
CARY GRANT
VICTOR McLAGLEN
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

THE GREAT MAN VOTES

with
JOHN BARRYMORE
PETER HOLDEN
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

FISHERMAN'S WHARF

with
BOBBY BREEN
LEO CARILLO
HENRY ARMETTA

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

JACKIE COOPER in
SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE

SHORTS — NEWS REELS — COMEDIES

THE ONLY COMIC MONTHLY WITH ALL YOUR FAVORITES!

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A wave of the wand controls, no strings, no wires. The plane flies through the air, while you control it with the Magic Wand. Does all that is written. Price **\$2.50**

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It comes back! It is now fun in target shooting. You miss your target, the boomerang comes back, and you get a new target. Price **39c**

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No Batteries, No Electricity - Just Talk!
This is a set of two which carries the voice perfectly for distances from 50 to 100 feet. It is a set of two, each with a 100 ft. cord. Each phone has a 100 ft. cord. Each phone has a 100 ft. cord. Each phone has a 100 ft. cord. Price **10c**

MIDGET POCKET RADIO \$1.00
Listen to Music and Sports Everywhere You Go
This amazing midget pocket radio brings in programs from 25 miles of broadcast stations. It is a complete set, with a 100 ft. cord. Price **\$1.00**

CRYSTAL RADIO 25c
This is a radio in itself as it is possible to get reception that is clear within 25 miles of a station. It is a complete set, with a 100 ft. cord. Price **25c**

Live Chameleon
Watch It Change Color!
Get one of these most wonderful creatures. Watch it change color. It is a complete set, with a 100 ft. cord. Price **25c**

PRINTING PRESS
BOYS!!! Won't You Have Fun With This Outfit!
Have Fun and Earn Money Doing Job Work
A REAL PRINTING PRESS on which you can PRINT STATIONERY, CALLING CARDS, NOTICES, CIRCULARS, BILLS, PLAY MONEY, TICKETS, MEMORANDUMS, ADDS, LABELS, ETC., ETC. from metal type. Single lever action brings down the roller, making the type printing the form. One hand feeds the paper, and the other works the lever. As fast as you can go you can run off the copies. Easily does several hundred copies an hour. And it's fun. Complete outfit, only **\$2.98**

1-Tube Pocket Radio
Built-in music, built-in speaker. Beautiful Cathedral tone. One tube, one battery. Price **83.4c**

JO-JITSU
The Japanese art of self-defense. New methods of attack and defense. Price **30c**

Marriage License 10c
A real printing press on which you can print marriage licenses. Price **10c**

Fun Licenses
A real printing press on which you can print fun licenses. Price **10c**

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REPEATING SLING SHOT
Margarine type slingshot that will fire 150 shots with one loading. Price **25c**

WHOOPEE CUSHION
A real printing press on which you can print whoopee cushions. Price **25c**

Beautiful Blond Wigs 35c
Change your appearance. Made of real hair. Price **35c**

COMPLETE CAMERA OUTFIT 25c
A real printing press on which you can print complete camera outfits. Price **25c**

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOLS
Shoots 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges
Two of the latest, newest models now out—\$8.00 and \$10.00. Price **\$2.98**

6 SHOT AUTOMATIC
A real printing press on which you can print 6 shot automatics. Price **25c**

JOY BUZZER 28c
A real printing press on which you can print joy buzzers. Price **28c**

ONE PASSENGER AIRPLANE
A real printing press on which you can print one passenger airplanes. Price **28c**

Ready-To-Fly Airplanes
Nothing To Build
A real printing press on which you can print ready-to-fly airplanes. Price **15c**

Contest Model Climber
A real printing press on which you can print contest model climbers. Price **15c**

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